THE

CONNOISSEUR.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

Nº LXXI. THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1755.

EST BREVITATE OPUS, UT CURRAT SENTENTIA, NEU SE
IMPEDIAT VERBIS LASSAS ONERANTIBUS AURES:
ET SERMONE OPUS EST MODO TRISTI, SÆPE JOCOSO.
HOR.

I WRITE, AS I WOULD TALK; AM SHORT, AND CLEAR;
NOT CLOGG'D WITH WORDS, THAT LOAD THE WEARIED EAR:
A GRAVE DULL ESSAY NOW AND THEN GOES DOWN;
BUT FOLKS EXPECT TO LAUGH WITH MR. TOWN.

AMONG the ſeveral degrees of authors, there are none, perhaps, who have more obſtacles to ſurmount at their ſetting out than the writers of periodical eſſays. Talk with a modern critic, and he will tell you, that a new paper is a vain attempt after the inimitable Spectator and others; and all the proper ſubjects are already pre-occupied, and that it is equally impoſſible to find out a new field for obſervation, as to diſcover a new world. With theſe prejudices, the public are prepared to receive us; and while they expect to be cloyed with the ſtale repetition of the ſame fare, though toſſed up in a different manner, they ſit down with but little reliſh for the entertainment.

That the Spectator firſt led the way, muſt undoubtedly be acknowledged: but that his followers muſt for that reaſon be always ſuppoſed to tread in his ſteps, can by no means be allowed. In the high road of life there are ſeveral extenſive walks, as well as bye-paths, which we may ſtrike into, without the neceſſity of keeping the ſame beaten track with thoſe that have gone before us. New objects for ridicule will continually preſent themſelves; and even the ſame characters will appear different by being differently diſpoſed, as in the ſame pack of cards, though ever ſo often ſhuffled, there will never be two hands exactly alike.

After this introduction, I hope to be pardoned, if I indulge myſelf in ſpeaking a word or two concerning my own endeavours to entertain the public. And firſt, whatever objections the reader may have had to the ſubjects of my papers, I ſhall make no apology for the manner in which I have choſe to treat them. The dread of falling into (what they are pleaſed to call) colloquial barbariſms, has induced ſome unſkilful writers to ſwell their bloated diction with uncouth phraſes and the affected jargon of pedants. For my own part, I never go out of the common way of expreſſion, merely for the ſake of introducing a more ſounding word with a Latin termination. The Engliſh language is ſufficiently copious and expreſſive without any further adoption of new terms; and the native words ſeem to me to have far more force than any foreign auxiliaries, however pompouſly uſhered in: as Britiſh ſoldiers fight our battles better than the alien troops taken into our pay.

The ſubjects of my eſſays have been chiefly ſuch, as I thought might recom-

mend themſelves to the public notice by being new and uncommon. For this reaſon I purpoſely avoided the worn-out practice of retailing ſcraps of morality, and affecting to dogmatize on the common duties of life. In this point, indeed, the Spectator is inimitable; nor could I hope to ſay any thing new upon theſe topics after ſo many excellent moral and religious eſſays, which are the principal ornament of that work. I have therefore contented myſelf with expoſing vice and folly by painting mankind in their natural colours, without aſſuming the rigid air of a preacher, or the moroſeneſs of a philoſopher. I have rather choſe to undermine our faſhionable exceſſes, by ſecret ſapping, than to ſtorm them by open aſſault. In a word, upon all occaſions I have endeavoured to laugh people into a better behaviour: as I am convinced that the ſting of reproof is not leſs ſharp for being concealed; and advice never comes with a better face than when it comes with a laughing one.

There are ſome points in the courſe of this work, which perhaps might have been treated with a more ſerious air. I have thought it my duty to take every opportunity of expoſing the abſurd tenets of our modern Free-thinkers and Enthuſiaſts. The Enthuſiaſt is, indeed, much more difficult to cure than the Free-thinker; becauſe the latter, with all his bravery, cannot but be conſcious that he is wrong; whereas the former may have deceived himſelf into a belief, that he is certainly in the right; and the more he is oppoſed, the more he conſiders himſelf as 'patiently ſuffering for 'the truth's ſake.' Ignorance is too ſtubborn to yield to conviction; and on the other hand, thoſe, whom 'a *little* 'learning has made mad,' are too proud and ſelf-ſufficient to hearken to the ſober voice of reaſon. The only way left us, therefore, is to root out ſuperſtition, by making it's followers aſhamed of themſelves: and as for our Free-thinkers, it is but right to turn their boaſted weapons of ridicule againſt them; and as they themſelves endeavour to banter others out of every ſerious and virtuous notion, we too (in the language of the Pſalmiſt) ſhould 'laugh them to ſcorn, 'and have them in deriſion.'

It is with infinite pleaſure that I find myſelf ſo much encouraged to continue my labours, by the kind reception which they have hitherto met with from the public: and Mr. Baldwin with no leſs pleaſure informs me, that as there are but few numbers left of the Folio edition, he intends to collect my papers into Two Pocket Volumes. The reader cannot conceive how much I already pride myſelf on the charming figure which my works will make in this new form: and I ſhall endeavour to render theſe volumes as compleat as I poſſibly can, by ſeveral conſiderable additions and amendments. Though contracted into the ſmall ſpace of a twelves volume, I ſtill hope to maintain my former dignity; like the Devils in Milton's Pandæmonium, who,

——————To ſmalleſt forms
Reduc'd their ſhapes immenſe, and were at large.

The Spectator has very elegantly compared his ſingle papers, as they came out, to 'cherries on a ſtick;' of the dearneſs of which the purchaſers cannot complain, who are willing to gratify their taſte with choice fruit at it's earlieſt production. I have conſidered my own papers as ſo many flowers, which joined together would make up a pretty noſegay; and though each of them ſingly taken, may not be equally admired for their odours, they may receive an additional fragrance by an happy union of their ſweets.

The learned decoration in the front of my papers, though perhaps it has ſometimes put my ſcholarſhip to a ſtand, I could by no means diſpenſe with: for ſuch is the prevalence of cuſtom, that the moſt finiſhed eſſay, without a motto, would appear to many people as maimed and imperfect, as a beautiful face without a noſe. But cuſtom has impoſed upon us a new taſk, of giving tranſlations to theſe mottos; and it has been the uſual method to copy them promiſcuouſly from Dryden or Francis: though (as Denham has remarked of tranſlation in general) 'the ſpirit of the original 'is evaporated in the tranſfuſion, and 'nothing is left behind but a mere *caput* '*mortuum*.' A motto, as it ſtands in the original, may be very appoſite to the ſubject of the eſſay, though nothing to the purpoſe in the common tranſlation: and it frequently derives all it's elegance from

from an humorous application, in a different ſenſe to what it bears in the author, but of which not the leaſt trace can appear in the verſion. For this reaſon I have determined to give entire new tranſlations, or rather imitations, of all the mottos and quotations, adapted to the preſent times. And theſe, I flatter myſelf, will reflect an additional beauty on my work; as ſome of them admit of epigrammatic turns, while others afford room for lively and pictureſque alluſions to modern manners. In this dreſs they will at leaſt appear more of a piece with the eſſays themſelves; and not like the patch-work of random tranſlations.

In the mean time I ſhall only add, that if any Nobleman, Gentleman, or Rich Citizen, is ambitious to have his name prefixed to either of theſe volumes, he is deſired to ſend in propoſals, together with a liſt of his virtues and good qualities, to the publiſher; and the Dedication ſhall be diſpoſed of to the beſt bidder.

*** None but principals will be treated with.

T.

N° LXXII. THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1755.

——VERSUS INOPES RERUM, NUGÆQUE CANORÆ.
HOR.

WHAT THOUGH OUR SONGS TO WIT HAVE NO PRETENCE,
THE FIDDLE-STICK SHALL SCRAPE THEM INTO SENSE.

THE managers of our Public Gardens, willing to make their ſummer diverſions as compleat as poſſible, are not content with laying out beautiful walks, and providing an excellent band of muſic, but are alſo at much expence to amuſe us with the old Engliſh entertainment of Ballad-ſinging. For this end they not only retain the beſt voices that can be procured, but each of them alſo has a poet in ordinary, who is allowed a ſtated ſalary, and the run of the Gardens. The productions of theſe petty laureats naturally come within my notice as Critic: and, indeed, whether I am at Vauxhall, Ranelagh, Marybone, or even Sadler's Wells, I indulge myſelf in many remarks on the poetry of the place; and am as attentive to the Songs, as to the Caſcade, the Fireworks, or Miſs Iſabella Wilkinſon.

Ballads ſeem peculiarly adapted to the genius of our people; and are a ſpecies of compoſition in which we are ſuperior to all other nations. Many of our old Engliſh Songs have in them an affecting ſimplicity; and it is remarkable, that our beſt writers have not been aſhamed to cultivate this branch of poetry. Cowley, Waller, Roſcommon, Rowe, Gay, Prior, and many others, have left behind them very elegant Ballads: but it muſt be confeſſed, to the honour of the preſent age, that it was reſerved for our modern writers to bring this kind of poetry to perfection. Song-writing is now reduced to certain rules of art; and the Ballad-maker goes to work by a method as regular and mechanical as a carpenter or a blackſmith.

Swift, in his Voyage to Laputa, deſcribes a machine to write books in all arts and ſciences: I have alſo read of a mill to make verſes; and remember to have ſeen a curious table, by the aſſiſtance of which the moſt illiterate might amuſe themſelves in compoſing hexameters and pentameters in Latin: inventions wonderfully calculated for the promotion of literature. Whatever gentlemen of Grub Street or others are ambitious to enliſt themſelves as hackney ſonnetteers, are deſired to attend to the following rules, drawn from the practice of our modern Song-writers: a ſet of geniuſes excellent in their manner, and who will probably be hereafter as much known and admired as Garden-poets, as the celebrated Taylor is now famous under the denomination of Water-poet.

I muſt beg leave poſitively to contradict any reports inſinuating that our Ballad-makers are in poſſeſſion of ſuch a machine, mill, or table, as above-mentioned; and believe it to be equally falſe, that it is their practice to huſtle certain quaint terms and phraſes together in an hat, and take them out at random. It has, indeed, been aſſerted on ſome juſt ground, that their productions are totally void of ſenſe and expreſſion, that they have little rhyme and leſs reaſon,

and that they are, from beginning to end, nothing more than nonſenſical rhapſodies to a new tune. This charge I do not mean to deny: though I cannot but lament the deplorable want of taſte, that mentions it as a fault. For it is this very circumſtance, which I, who am profeſſedly a Connoiſſeur, particularly admire. It is a received maxim with all compoſers of muſic, that nothing is ſo melodious as nonſenſe. Manly ſenſe is too harſh and ſtubborn to go through the numberleſs diviſions and ſub-diviſions of modern muſic, and to be trilled forth in crotchets and demiquavers. For this reaſon, thought is ſo cautiouſly ſprinkled over a modern Song; which it is the buſineſs of the ſinger to warble into ſentiment.

Our Ballad-makers for the moſt part ſlide into the familiar ſtile, and affect that eaſy manner of writing, which (according to Wycherly) is eaſily written. Seeing the dangerous conſequence of meaning, in words adapted to muſic, they are very frugal of ſentiment: and indeed they huſband it ſo well, that the ſame thoughts are adapted to every ſong. The only variation requiſite in twenty Ballads is, that the laſt line of the ſtanza be different. In this ingenious line the wit of the whole ſong conſiſts: and the author, whether 'he ſhall die if he has 'not the laſs of the mill,' or 'deſerves 'to be reckon'd an aſs,' turns over his dictionary of rhymes for words of a ſimilar ſound, and every verſe jingles to the ſame word, with all the agreeable variety of a ſet of bells eternally ringing the ſame peal.

The authors of love-ſongs formerly waſted a great deal of poetry in illuſtrating their own paſſion and the beauty of their miſtreſs; but our modern poets content themſelves with falling in love with her name. There cannot be a greater misfortune to one of theſe rhymers, than a miſtreſs with a hard name: ſuch a misfortune ſends them all over the world, and makes them run through all arts, ſciences, and languages, for correſpondent terms; and after all, perhaps, the name is ſo harſh and untractable, that our poet has as much difficulty to bring it into verſe, as the celebraters of the Duke of Marlborough were puzzled to reduce to rhyme the uncouth names of the Dutch towns taken in Queen Anne's wars. Valentine in Love for Love, when he talks of turning poet, orders Jeremy to get the maids together of an evening to Crambo: no contemptible hint to our Ballad-makers, and which, if properly made uſe of, would be of as much ſervice to them as Byſhe's Art of Poetry.

Fearing leſt this method of Song-writing ſhould one day grow obſolete, in order to preſerve to poſterity ſome idea of it, I have put together the following dialogue as a ſpecimen of the modern manner. I muſt, however, be ingenuous enough to confeſs, that I can claim no farther merit in this elegant piece, than that of a compiler. It is a Cento from our moſt celebrated new Songs; from which I have carefully culled all the ſweeteſt flowers of poetry, and bound them up together. As all the lines are taken from different Songs ſet to different tunes, I would humbly propoſe, that this curious performance ſhould be ſung jointly by all the beſt voices, in the manner of a Dutch concert, where every man ſings his own tune. I had once ſome thoughts of affixing marginal references to each line, to inform the reader by note, at what place the Song, whence it is taken, was firſt ſung. But I ſhall ſpare myſelf that trouble, by deſiring the reader to look on the whole piece, as ariſing from a coalition of our moſt eminent Song-writers at Vauxhall, Ranelagh, Marybone, and Sadler's Wells: aſſuring him, that this ſhort dialogue contains the pith and marrow, or rather (to borrow an expreſſion from the Fine Lady in Lethe) the *Quinſetence* and *Emptity* of all our modern Songs.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

CORYDON AND SUSAN.

Suſ. AH! whither ſo faſt would my Corydon go?
Step in, you've nothing elſe to do.
Cor. They ſay I'm in love, but I anſwer, No, no;
So I wiſh I may die if I do.

Once my heart play'd a tune that went pitty pattie,
And I ſigh'd but I could not tell why.
Now let what will happen, by Jove I'll be free.
Suſ. O fye, ſhepherd, fye, ſhepherd, fye.

Cor.

Cor. Though you bid me begone back again,
Yet, Sukey, no matter for that;
The women love kiſſing as well as the men.
Suſ. Why, what a pox would you be at?

You told me a tale of a cock and a bull;
Upon my word he did.
Cor. I ſwear I meant nothing but playing the fool.
Suſ. Very fine! very pretty, indeed.

Cor. Come, come, my dear Sukey, to church let us go;
No more let your anſwer be no.
Suſ. The deuce ſure is in him to plague a maid ſo:
I cannot deny you, you know.

CORUS BY BOTH.

No courtiers can be ſo happy as we,
Who bill like the ſparrow and dove.
I love Sue, and Sue loves me,
Sure this is mutual love.

T

Nº LXXIII. THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1755.

——————SECERNERE SACRA PROFANIS.
HOR.

WHEREVER GOD ERECTS AN HOUSE OF PRAY'R,
THE DEVIL ALWAYS HAS A CHAPEL THERE.
DEFOE.

WALKING the other day in Weſtminſter Abbey, among the many oſtentatious monuments erected to kings and warriors, I could not help obſerving a little ſtone, on which was this pompous inſcription—'*Eternæ Me-*'*moriæ Sacrum*—Sacred to the Eternal 'Memory of ——.' The name of the perſon to whom immortality was thus ſecured is almoſt obliterated: and, perhaps, when alive, he was little known, and ſoon forgot by the ſmall circle of his friends and acquaintance.

I have been uſed to look upon epitaphs as a kind of flattering dedications to the dead; in which is ſet down a long catalogue of virtues that nobody knew they were poſſeſſed of while living, and not a word of their vices or follies. The veracity of theſe poſthumous encomiums may, indeed, be fairly ſuſpected, as we are generally told, that the diſconſolate widow, or weeping ſon, erected the monument in teſtimony of their affliction for the loſs of the kindeſt huſband, or moſt affectionate father. But what dowager, who enjoys a comfortable jointure by her good man's deceaſe, would refuſe to ſet her hand to it on his tomb-ſtone, that he was the beſt of huſbands, though perhaps they had parted beds? Or what heir would be ſo baſe and ungrateful, as not to give a few good words to a crabbed parent after his death, in return for his eſtate?

By the extravagant praiſes which are thus indiſcriminately laviſhed on the aſhes of every perſon alike, we entirely pervert the original intent of epitaphs, which were contrived to do honour and juſtice to the virtuous and the good. But by the preſent practice, the reputations of men are equally confounded with their duſt in the grave, where there is no diſtinction between the good and the bad. The law has appointed ſearchers to enquire, when any one dies, into the cauſe of his death: in the ſame manner I could wiſh, that ſearchers were appointed to examine into his way of living, before a character be given of him upon the tomb-ſtone.

The flatteries that are paid to the deceaſed are undoubtedly owing to the pride of their ſurvivors, which is the ſame among the loweſt as the higheſt ſet of people. When an obſcure grocer or tallow-chandler dies at his lodgings at Iſlington, the news-papers are ſtuffed with the ſame detail of his virtues and good qualities, as when a duke goes out of the world: and the petty overſeer of a little hamlet has a painted board ſtuck up at the end of his wickered turf, with a diſtich ſetting forth the godlineſs of his life, in humble imitation of the nobleman, who repoſes under a grand mauſoleum erected to his memory, with a long liſt of his titles and heroic deeds.

The great, indeed, have found means to ſeparate themſelves even in their graves from the vulgar, by having their aſhes depoſited in churches and cathedrals, and covered by the moſt ſuperb monuments: but the falſe pomp of the monument, as well as the groſs flattery of the

the inſcription, often tends only to make the deceaſed ridiculous. In my late viſit to Weſtminſter Abbey, I could not but remark the difference of Taſte, which has prevailed in ſetting up theſe edifices for the dead. In former times it was thought ſufficient to clap up the buſt or ſtatue of the deceaſed, ſet round perhaps with the emblems of their merits, their employment, or ſtation of life. Thus, if any lady was remarkable for her virtue and piety, it was pointed out by two or three little chubby-faced cherubims, crying for her death, or holding a crown over her head. The warrior was ſpread out at full length in a compleat ſuit of armour, with the trophies of war hung round about him; and the biſhop was laid flat upon his back, with his coifed head reſting upon a ſtone bible, and his hands joined together in the poſture of praying.

If Socrates, or any other of the ancient philoſophers, could revive again, and be admitted into Weſtminſter Abbey, he would now be induced to fancy himſelf in a Pantheon. The Modern Taſte, not content with introducing Roman temples into our churches, and repreſenting the Virtues under allegorical images, has ranſacked all the fabulous accounts of the Heathen Theology to ſtrike out new embelliſhments for our Chriſtian monuments. We are not in the leaſt ſurpriſed to ſee Mercury attending the tomb of an orator, and Pallas or Hercules ſupporting that of a warrior. If there is not a ſtop put to this Taſte, we may ſoon expect to ſee our churches, inſtead of being dedicated to the ſervice of religion, ſet apart for the reception of Heathen Gods. A deceaſed admiral will be repreſented like Neptune, with a trident in his hand, drawn in a ſhell by dolphins, preceded by Tritons, and followed by Nereids laſhing the marble waves with their tails. A general will be habited like Mars, bearing an helmet and ſpear in poliſhed ſtone; and a celebrated toaſt will be ſtuck up naked, like the Venus de Medicis, cut in alabaſter. Our pious forefathers were contented with exhibiting to us the uſual emblems of death, the hour-glaſs, the ſkull, and the croſs marrow-bones. Theſe emblems, if not very elegant, were at leaſt not indecent: but now the Three Fatal Siſters, mentioned in the Heathen Mythology, muſt be introduced ſpinning, drawing, and cutting the thread of life. Could one of the laſt century ſee a winged figure blowing a trumpet on the top of a modern monument, he would be apt to miſtake it for an arch-angel, and be naturally put in mind of that awful time, 'when the trumpet ſhall ſound, 'and the dead ſhall riſe.' But the deſign, we are told, is very different; and this winged meſſenger is no other than the ancient perſonage of Fame, who is proclaiming the virtues of the defunct round the world.

It has been recommended, on a different account, to have a ſeparate place, diſtinct from our churches, for the reception of our monuments. I could wiſh to ſee ſuch a ſcheme put in execution: for the preſent abſurd mixture of the ſeveral objects of the Pagan and Chriſtian belief, as repreſented on the tombs lately ſet up in compliance with the Modern Taſte, muſt be ſhocking to every ſerious beholder. Should any one propoſe to take down from St. Paul's cathedral thoſe paintings of Sir James Thornhill repreſenting the tranſactions of St. Paul, and in their place to ſet up Titian's pictures of the amours of the Heathen Gods and Goddeſſes, every one would be ſhocked at the impiety of the propoſal. But the faſhion of introducing Heathen Deities into our monuments is not much leſs abſurd: and as Milton has been blamed for his frequent alluſions to the Heathen Theology in his Sacred Poem, ſurely we are more to be condemned for admitting the whole claſs of their fictitious deities into the Houſe of God itſelf. A reformation in this point is no leſs neceſſary than from the Popiſh ſuperſtitions; and theſe profane images, though not the objects of our idolatry, have no more pretence to be ſet up in the Temple of the Living Lord, than thoſe of the canonized Saints of the Roman Catholics.

Modern Taſte is continually ſtriking out new improvements. We may therefore conclude, that when our ſtatuaries have travelled through the ancient Pantheon, and exhauſted all the ſubjects of the Grecian and Roman Mythology, we ſhall have recourſe to the ſuperſtitions of other nations for the deſigns of our monuments. They will then probably be adorned with Ægyption Hieroglyphics, and the tomb of ſome future hero may be built according to the model of the Prophet's tomb at Mecca. It is

is not to be doubted, but that the Chineſe Taſte, which has already taken poſſeſſion of our gardens, our buildings, and our furniture, will alſo ſoon find it's way into our churches: and how elegant muſt a monument appear, which is erected in the Chineſe Taſte, and embelliſhed with dragons, bells, Pagods, and Mandarins!

N° LXXIV. THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1755.

——————NON ITA ROMULI
PRÆSCRIPTUM, ET INTONSI CATONIS
AUSPICIIS, VETERUMQUE NORMA. HOR.

ROME BOASTS HER SONS, A RACE OF STUBBORN FOOLS,
TO VIRTUE TRAIN'D BY GREY-BEARD CATO'S RULES:
SUCH RIGID PRIDE OUR MODEST YOUTH DISCLAIM,
GREAT IN THEIR CRIMES, AND GLORIOUS IN THEIR SHAME.

THERE is no method of reproof more in vogue, than the faſhion of drawing invidious parallels between the preſent times and the paſt. The grumbling politician rails over his coffee at the preſent miniſtry, and reminds you with a ſigh of the golden days of Queen Beſs: while, in matters of leſs conſequence, the critic ſhakes his head at Mr. Town, and mentions Bickerſtaff. But the moraliſts are above all others devoted to this practice. Theſe wiſe gentlemen are continually looking backwarks, and condemning what lays immediately before them by retroſpect. They are for ever harping on this jarring chord, and have ſcarce more words in their mouths than the ſolemn ſentences ſaid to be delivered by Friar Bacon's Brazen Head—'Time is—Time 'was—Time is paſt.'

No compariſons of this ſort are ſo frequently repeated, and ſo much inſiſted on, as thoſe drawn between the Ancients and Moderns. If an eloquent member of the Houſe of Commons is cruelly ſuſpected of bellowing for a place, nothing rings in his ears but Tully and Demoſthenes. If a gentleman, or perhaps a nobleman, with an heavy mortgage upon his eſtate, diſencumbers it by ſelling his intereſt at a county election, he is immediately upbraided with one Roman, that was not aſhamed to follow the plough-tail, and another, who could refuſe large bribes, and content himſelf with a cottage and turnips. If a lady makes an unfortunate ſlip, ſhe is told again and again of Lucretia, and fifty other ſchool-boy tales of honour and chaſtity. In a word, there is not one faſhionable frailty, but has ſome ſtubborn antiquated virtue ſet in oppoſition to it; and our unhappy metropolis is every day threatened with deſtruction for it's degeneracy from the rigid maxims of Rome or Sparta.

In the midſt of all theſe ſevere reflections, it gives me infinite pleaſure that I can with juſtice take notice of the inconteſtible ſuperiority of the Moderns in point of Modeſty. The arrogance of the Ancients was ſo remarkable, that, in their idea of a perfect character, they included every public and private virtue. They aimed at a ſtrict obſervance of all the duties of life: and if ſome old Romans had been ſtiled Gods while living, it would not have been ſuch groſs flattery as was afterwards practiſed in honouring the Emperors with an Apotheoſis. Their inflexible honeſty was their perpetual boaſt, and their virtue was their pride. This high idea of a Perfect Character among the Ancients naturally urged them to lift themſelves to an invidious ſuperiority above the reſt of the world: while the modeſt Moderns, by taking all the vices, inſtead of the virtues, into their notion of a Fine Gentleman, endeavour to let themſelves down to a level with the loweſt of their ſpecies, and have laid the ſureſt foundation for humility. Fine Gentlemen are ſo far from being proud, that they are never guilty of any thing which gives them the leaſt reaſon to be ſo: and our Fine Ladies have none of the diſguſting haughtineſs of virtue, though indeed they are ſeldom known to be aſhamed.

It is impoſſible to deviſe any one method of lowering the good opinion a man might poſſibly conceive of himſelf, that

that has not been put in practice. No Fine Gentleman ever aimed at acquiring any excellence: and if any natural perfections might give some little occasion for pride, the greatest pains have been taken to destroy them. Good parts have been often drowned in drunkenness, and a strong constitution sweated away in bagnios: and in the mean time learning has been totally neglected, lest improvement should bring on pedantry and literary pride. The most shining parts in the character of a Fine Gentleman are, that he drinks deep, dresses genteelly, rides well, can shoe his own horse, and is possessed of some other qualifications which nobody can ever suspect that a mind the least given to ambition would ever labour to acquire. For my part, I am so far from agreeing with our Satirist, that the love of fame is the universal passion, that when I observe the behaviour of our Fine Gentlemen, I am apt to think it proceeds from the lowest and humblest turn of mind. Indeed, their singular Modesty appears to me the only means of accounting for their actions, which commonly tend to place them in the meanest and most contemptible light.

Nothing but this invincible Modesty, and fear of seeming to aim at excellence, could ever give rise to certain habits, not only ridiculous, but ungraceful. Good eyes, for instance, are universally acknowledged to give lustre to the whole countenance; yet fashion and humility have blinded the whole town. The beau draws his eyes out of his pocket, and the beauties kill us through spying glasses. It has been known to be the vogue for persons of fashion to lose the use of their legs, and limp along as if they were crippled. This practice I daily expect to be revived: for I take it for granted, that the tall staves now carried about must naturally dwindle into crutches. An inarticulate lisp even now infects the delivery in polite conversation. It is not at all unfashionable to pretend deafness; and unless the ladies object to it, I do not despair of seeing the time when the whole modish world shall affect to be dumb.

This humble way of thinking has been carried so far, that it has even introduced a new species of hypocrisy. Fine Gentlemen, fearing lest their good qualities should in their own despite overbalance their bad ones, claim several vices, to which they have no title. There is something very admirable and ingenuous in this disposition among our young people, who not only candidly discover all their frailties, but accuse themselves of faults which they never intended to commit. I know a young fellow who is almost every morning complaining of the head-ache, and cursing the last night's Champagne at the St. Alban's, when I am well assured he passed his evening very soberly with his maiden aunts in Cheapside. I am also acquainted with another gentleman who is very fond of confessing his intrigues, and often modestly takes shame to himself for the great mischief he does among the women; though I well know, he is too bashful even to make love to his laundress. He sometimes laments publicly the unlucky consequences of an amour, and has more than once been discovered to send pill-boxes and gallipots directed for himself, to be left at the bar of neighbouring coffee-houses. The same humble turn of mind induces the frugal to appear extravagant; and makes many a religious young fellow deny his principles, brave his conscience, and affect the character and conversation of an atheist. To say the truth, the generality of the gay world are arrant hypocrites in their vices, and appear to be worse than they really are. Many of our pretended Bloods are, in fact, no more drunkards, whoremasters, or infidels, than a bully is a man of courage; and are as little sincere in their boasts of vice, as statesmen or beauties in their mutual professions of friendship.

That part of the female world which composes the order of Fine Ladies, have as much humility as their counterparts, the Fine Gentlemen. There is something so charming in the fair sex, that we should almost adore them, if they did not lay aside all the pride of reputation, and by some good-natured familiarities reduce themselves to an equality with us. It is, indeed, wonderful to observe with what diligence our polite ladies pare off the excellencies from their characters. When we see them almost as naked as the Graces, it is natural to suppose them as warmly devoted to Venus; and when we hear them talk loosely, and encourage double meanings in conversation, we are apt to imagine their notions of honour not very strict or severe. But after all, this is frequently

mere

mere hypocriſy, and the effect of humility. Many a lady, very wanton in appearance, is in reality very modeſt; and many a coquet has loſt her reputation without loſing her virtue. I make no doubt but that ſeveral ladies of ſuſpicious characters are not ſo bad as they ſeem, and that there are honourable perſons among the gayeſt of our women of quality.

To return whence I ſet out, the extraordinary Modeſty of the Moderns, ſo averſe to the arrogant pride of the Ancients claiming all virtues and good qualities whatſoever, is the only key to their behaviour. Vice, or at leaſt the appearance of vice, becomes abſolutely requiſite to paſs through the world with tolerable decency, and the character of a man of ſpirit. As Sir John Brute ſays—'They were ſneaking dogs, and 'afraid of being damned in thoſe days;' but we are better informed, and fear nothing but the appearance of too much virtue. To ſecure the nobility, gentry, and others, from ſo ſhocking an imputation, a friend of mine will ſpeedily preſent the world with a curious piece compiled from the practice and principles of the preſent times, entitled, 'A New 'Treatiſe on Ethics; or, a Syſtem of 'Immoral Philoſophy.' In this work he has treated at large of Modern Modeſty, ſhewn the excellence and utility of Immorality, and conſidered Drinking, Whoring, Fighting, and Gaming, as the four Cardinal Vices, or, in other words, the principal conſtituents of Bucks, Bloods, and Fine Gentlemen.

O

Nº LXXV. THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1755.

NON TU CORPUS ÆRAS SINE PECTORE.——— Hor.

WITHOUT A MIND A MAN IS BUT AN APE,
A MERE BRUTE BODY IN AN HUMAN SHAPE.

GOOD-Nature is to the mind what beauty is to the body; and an agreeable diſpoſition creates a love and eſteem for us in the reſt of mankind, as an handſome perſon recommends us to the good graces of the fair-ſex. It may be further obſerved, that any little defect in point of figure is ſooner overlooked, than a ſourneſs in the temper; and we conceive a more laſting diſguſt at a moroſe churliſhneſs of manners, than at an hump-back or a pair of bandy legs. Good-nature is, indeed, ſo amiable a qualification, that every man would be thought to poſſeſs it: and the ladies themſelves would no more like to be accuſed of a perverſe turn of mind, than of an unhappy caſt of features. Hence it proceeds, that thoſe unfortunate ſtale virgins, uſually called Old Maids, have both theſe heavy cenſures thrown upon them; and are at once condemned as ugly and ill-natured.

Some perſons are (according to the ſtrict import of the phraſe itſelf) born Good-natured. Theſe fortunate people are eaſy in themſelves, and agreeable to all about them. They are, as it were, conſtitutionally pleaſing; and can no more fail of being affable and engaging in converſation, than an Hamilton or a Coventry can be otherwiſe than beautiful and charming. Yet it is the duty even of thoſe who are naturally endowed 'with the ſoft parts of converſation,' to be careful not to deprave or abuſe them. They muſt not rely too confidently on their native ſweetneſs of diſpoſition: for we ſhould no more eſteem a man who diſcovered a negligence of pleaſing, than we ſhould admire a beauty who was an intolerable flattern. Nor, on the other hand, ſhould they let their Good-nature run to an exceſs of compliment and extravagant civility: for an engaging temper has been as often ſpoiled by this troubleſome politeneſs, as a fine ſhape has been ſqueezed into frightful diſtortions by tight ſtays, and a fine complexion entirely ruined by paint.

But if this care is requiſite, even in thoſe few who are bleſſed with this native complacency and good-humour, how neceſſary is it for the generality of mankind to labour at rectifying the irregularities in their temper? For this purpoſe it would be fully ſufficient if they would employ half the art to cultivate their minds that is daily uſed to ſet off their perſons. To this important end, not only the female delicacies of paint and eſſence are called in as auxiliaries

to the embroidered ſuits and French peruques, but this anxiety to ſupply any perſonal defect has ſet the invention of artificers to work with ſo much earneſtneſs, that there is ſcarce any external blemiſh which may not be removed or concealed: and however unkindly nature may have dealt with you, you may by their aſſiſtance be made a model for a ſtatuary, or a pattern for a painter to ſtudy. If you want an inch in height, your ſhoe-maker can ſupply it; and your hoſier can furniſh you with a pair of calves that may put an Iriſhman to the bluſh. An irregularity in your ſhape can be made inviſible by your taylor, or at leaſt by the artiſt near the Haymarket, who daily gives notice that he makes ſteel ſtays for all thoſe who are INCLINED *to be crooked*. There are various beautifying lotions and coſmetics, that will cure ſpots and freckles in the complexion; and combs and unguents, that will change red hair to the fineſt brown. Do you want an eye? Taylor will fill the vacant ſocket with as bright a piercer as the family of the Pentweazles can boaſt. Or is your mouth *deficient* for want of teeth? Paul Jullion (to uſe his own phraſe) will *rectify your head*, and will fix a ſet in your gums as even and as white as ever adorned the mouth of a chimney-ſweeper. Theſe, and many other inventions no leſs curious and extraordinary, have been deviſed; and there are no operations, however painful, which have not been ſubmitted to with patience to conquer perſonal deformities. I know a gentleman who went through the agony of having his leg broken a ſecond time, becauſe it had been ſet awry; and I remember a lady who died of a cancer in her breaſt, occaſioned by the application of repelling plaiſters to keep back her milk, that the beauty of her neck might not be deſtroyed. I moſt heartily wiſh the ſame reſolution was diſcovered in improving the diſpoſition. Tully, in that part of his Offices where he ſpeaks of Grace, tells us that it is deſtroyed by any violent perturbations either of the body or mind. It is a pity that mankind cannot be reconciled to this opinion; ſince it is likely they would ſpare no pains in cultivating their minds, if it tended to adorn their perſons. Yet it is certain, that a man makes a worſe figure with an ignorant pate, than an unpowdered peruque: and that knowledge is a greater ornament to the head than a bag or a ſmart cocked hat; that anger ſets like a blood-ſhot in the eyes, while Good-nature lights them up with ſmiles, and makes every feature in the face charming and agreeable.

The difficulty of being convinced that we want this ſocial turn, is the grand reaſon that ſo little pains are taken to acquire and perfect it. Would a man once be perſuaded of any irregularity in his temper, he would find the blemiſhes of the mind more eaſily corrected and amended than the defects and deformities of the body: but, alas! every man is in his own opinion ſenſible and good-humoured. It is, indeed, poſſible to convince us that we have a bad complexion or an aukward deportment, which we endeavour to amend by waſhes and a dancing-maſter; but when the mind is accuſed, ſelf-adulation, the moſt fatal ſpecies of flattery, makes us cajole ourſelves into a belief, that the fault is not in our own diſpoſition, but in that of our companions; as the mad inhabitants of Moorfields conclude all who come to viſit them out of their ſenſes. This fooliſh flattery it is that makes us think ourſelves inflexibly in the right, while we are obſtinately wrong, and prevents our receiving or communicating any pleaſure in ſociety. A whimſical perſon complains of the fickleneſs of his acquaintance, and conſtantly accuſes them of fancy and capriee; and there never was an inſtance of a poſitive untoward man, that did not continually rail at the perverſeneſs and obſtinacy of the reſt of the world. A modern Buck damns you for a ſullen fellow, if you refuſe a pint bumper; and looks upon you as a ſneaking ſcoundrel, if you decline entering into any of his wild pranks, and do not chuſe to lay all night in the roundhouſe. The untractable humouriſt, while he diſguſts all that are about him, conceives himſelf to be the perſon affronted, and laments that there is no harmony in the converſation, though he is himſelf the only one that plays out of tune. It is true, indeed, that 'the eye 'ſees not itſelf:' but when this blind partiality is carried ſo far, as to induce us to believe thoſe guilty of the folly who make us ſenſible of it, it is ſurely as abſurd as to imagine that the hare lip or carbuncled noſe a man ſees in the glaſs, belongs to the figure in the mirrour, and not to his own face.

Perfection

Perfection is no more to be expected in the minds of men than in their perſons: natural defects and irregularites in both muſt be overlooked and excuſed. But then equal attention ſhould be paid to both; and we ſhould not be anxious to clothe the perſon, and at the ſame time let the mind go naked. We ſhould be equally aſſiduous to obtain knowledge and virtue, as to put on lace and velvet; and when our minds are compleatly dreſſed, we ſhould take care that Good-nature and complacency influence and direct the whole; which will throw the ſame grace over our virtues and good qualities, as fine cloaths receive from being cut according to the faſhion. In order to acquire theſe good qualities, we ſhould examine ourſelves impartially, and not erect ourſelves into judges, and treat all the reſt of mankind like criminals. Would it not be highly ridiculous in a perſon of quality to go to court in a ruff, a cloak, a pair of trunk hoſe, and the habit worn in the days of Queen Elizabeth; and while he ſtrutted about in this antiquated garb, to accuſe all the reſt of the world of being out of the faſhion?

I cannot conclude better than with a paſſage from Swift's Tale of a Tub, where the ſtrict analogy between the cloathing of the mind and the body is humourouſly pointed out. 'Man,' ſays he, 'is a *Micro-Coat*. As to his body 'there can be no doubt; but examine 'even the acquirements of his mind, 'you will find them all contribute in 'their order towards furniſhing out an 'exact dreſs. To inſtance no more; 'is not *Religion* a Cloak, *Honeſty* a pair 'of Shoes worn out in the dirt, *Self-love* a Surtout, *Vanity* a Shirt, and '*Conſcience* a pair of Breeches, which, 'though a cover for lewdneſs as well 'as naſtineſs, is eaſily ſlipt down for 'the ſervice of both?'

O

Nº LXXVI. THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1755.

VOMERIS HUC ET FALCIS HONOS, HUC OMNIS ARATRI
CESSIT AMOR: RECOQUUNT PATRIOS FORNACIBUS ENSES;
CLASSICA JAMQUE SONANT; IT BELLO TESSERA SIGNUM.
VIRG.

THE SCYTHE NEGLECTED, AND FORGOT THE PLOUGH,
THE RUSTIC KNITS HIS POLITICIAN BROW:
HIS GRANDSIRE'S RUSTY SWORD HE LONGS TO WIELD,
WHILE GUNS, DRUMS, TRUMPETS, CALL HIM TO THE FIELD.

THE Britiſh Lion, who has for a long time paſt been a paſſive couchant beaſt, or at moſt been heard to growl and grumble, now begins to roar again. His tremendous voice has rouſed the whole nation, and the meaneſt of the people breathe nothing but war and revenge. The encroachments of the French on our colonies are the general topic of converſation, and the popular cry now runs—'New England for ever!' Peace or war has been the ſubject of bets at White's, as well as the debates at the Robin Hood; and 'a fleet roaſting, new world's new dreſs, the colonies in a rope,' &c. were, laſt Sunday, the ſubjects of a prayer and lecture at the Oratory in Clare Market. The theatres alſo, before they cloſed the ſeaſon, entertained us with ſeveral warlike dramas: the Preſs-gang was exhibited at Covent Garden; and at Drury Lane the ſame ſea, that rolled it's canvaſs billows in Pantomime at the beginning of the ſeaſon to carry Harlequin to China, was again put in motion to tranſport our ſailors to North America. At preſent the ſtreets ring with the martial ſtrains of our ballad-ſingers, who are endeavouring, like Tyrtæus of old, to rouſe their fellow countrymen to battle; while all the polite world are hurrying to Portſmouth to ſee mock fights, and be regaled with pickled pork and ſea-biſcuit on board the Admiral.

This poſture of affairs has occaſioned politics, which have been long neglected, as ſtudies uſeleſs and impertinent, to become once more faſhionable. Religion and politics, though they naturally demand our conſtant attention, are only cultivated in England by fits. Chriſtianity ſleeps among us, unleſs rouſed by the apprehenſions of a plague, an

earthquake, or a Jew Bill: and we are alarmed for a while at the ſudden news of an invaſion or a rebellion; but, as ſoon as the danger is over, the Engliſhman, like the ſoldier recovered from his fright occaſioned by Queen Mab's drumming in his ear, 'ſwears a prayer or 'two, and ſleeps again.' To preach up public ſpirit is at ſome ſeaſons only blowing a dead coal; but at others, an accidental blaſt kindles the embers, and they mount into flame in an inſtant. The reign of politics ſeems at preſent to be re-commencing. Our news-papers contain dark hints and ſhrewd conjectures from the Hague, Paris, and Madrid; and the lye of the day is artfully contrived to influence the riſe and fall of the money-barometer in Change-Alley. This is the preſent ſtate of politics within the bills of mortality; of which I ſhall now take no further notice, but ſubmit to the peruſal of my readers the following letter from my Couſin Village on the ſame important ſubject.

——, JUNE 30, 1755.

DEAR COUSIN,

WAR, though it has not laid our fields waſte or made our cities deſolate, engroſſes almoſt all the attention of this place. Every farm-houſe ſwarms with politicians, who lay their wiſe heads together for the good of the nation; and at every petty chandler's ſhop in town, while the half quarterns of tea are weighed out, the balance of Europe is adjuſted. The preparations now making by ſea and land are as popular ſubjects as the price of corn or the Broad-wheel-act. Succeſs to our noble admirals, and a ſpeedy War, are alſo as common toaſts over a mug of ale as *God ſpeed the plough*, or a good harveſt: though it muſt be owned, that ſome ſelfiſh country ſquires, who have not an equal ſhare of public ſpirit and love of their country with their fellow ruſtics, are ſomewhat apprehenſive of the influence which a war may have upon the Land-tax.

I am at preſent on a viſit to Sir Politic Hearty, who is one of thoſe country gentlemen, who ſo much prefer the public welfare to their own private intereſt, that they are more anxious about the affairs of the nation than the care of their own eſtates. Sir Politic is miſerable three days in the week for want of intelligence; but his ſpirits revive at the ſound of the poſt-horn, when the mail brings him the London Evening Poſt, and a long letter of news from his nephew in the Temple. Theſe Sir Politic himſelf reads after dinner to me, the curate of the pariſh, and the town-apothecary, whom he indulges with the run of his table for their deep inſight into the proceedings of the government. He makes many ſhrewd remarks on every paragraph, and frequently takes the opinion of the two Doctors (for he honours both the curate and apothecary with that title) on the aſteriſks, daſhes, and italics. Nothing at firſt puzzled the honeſt baronet, and his privy council, ſo much as the new ſeat of war. They very well knew the ſituation of Bruſſels, Ghent, Antwerp, and other ſcenes of action in Flanders; but Virginia, the Ollio, Oſwego, &c. (to uſe a common phraſe) were quite out of their latitude. But this difficulty is at length ſurmounted by the Templar's having tranſmitted to his uncle one of D'Anville's maps; by the help of which the baronet ſometimes delineates the progreſs of the French up the Ohio, in meanders of port winding along the table, and ſometimes demoliſhes the forts lately raiſed by the enemy in different parts of our colonies. At preſent writing I am but juſt withdrawn from the taking of Crown Point, repreſented by a cork, and ſtormed by Sir Politic at the head of an army of cherry ſtones.

Sir Politic has, indeed, ſtudied Monſieur D'Anville thoroughly: he has alſo been very much taken up of late with the peruſal of the Hiſtory of the Six Nations: ſo that he has ſcarce one idea in his head, that does not bear ſome relation to the Weſt Indies. We had ſome boiled beef the other day for dinner, when the good night obſerved, that he ſhould be glad to partake of a buttock, boiled in the *War-kettle*; and he had no ſooner lighted his pipe, than the firſt puff of the tobacco threw him into ſome reflections on the danger of Virginia. 'By the bye,' ſaid the Baronet, 'I am 'a great admirer of the Indian oratory; 'and I dare ſay old Hendrick the 'Sachem would have made a good 'figure in the Houſe of Commons. 'There is ſomething very elegant in the '*Covenant-Belt*; but pray what a pox 'are thoſe damned *Strings of Wampum?* 'I cannot find any account of them in 'Chambers's Dictionary.' He then entered

entered into a diſſertation on the *War-hoop*; and turning to the apothecary—'Doctor,' ſaid he, 'what do you think 'of *Scalping?*' The Doctor replied, that for his part he imagined it to be ſomewhat in the nature of an *Epiſpaſtic* or Bliſter. 'Ay,' ſaid the other reverend Doctor, ſhaking his head, 'it is 'a very barbarous cuſtom indeed: 'though it is no wonder, ſince they have 'only had a few Jeſuits among them; 'ſo that they have very little notion of 'Chriſtianity.'

War never fails of producing groundleſs and contradictory reports: and if Fame is a lying jade in town, ſhe is the idleſt goſſip that ever ſpoke in the country. We have gained ſeveral victories in Virginia, and taken ſeveral forts, but loſt them all back again the next poſt. At one time we burnt, ſunk, took, and deſtroyed the whole French fleet, though it had not ſtirred out of Breſt harbour; and but laſt week we ſhot off poor Boſcawen's legs, and made him fight, like Witherington, on his ſtumps; till a letter from Sir Politic's nephew confuted this report, and ſet the admiral on his legs again.

I am, dear Couſin, yours, &c.

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Nº LXXVII. THURSDAY, JULY 17, 1755.

CUM PULCHRIS TUNICIS SUMET NOVA CONSILIA ET SPES.
HOR.

WISDOM WITH PERIWIGS, WITH CASSOCKS GRACE,
COURAGE WITH SWORDS, GENTILITY WITH LACE.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I Read your late paper, ſhewing the cloſe analogy which cloathing the body bears to adorning the mind; and am thoroughly perſuaded that the generality of mankind would be as glad to embelliſh their minds as to ſet off their perſons, if they could procure knowledge, virtue, and good nature, with the ſame eaſe that they can furniſh themſelves with the ornaments of the body. The clown in rug or duffel, can, at a moment's warning, be furniſhed with a compleat ſuit of lace or embroidery from Monmouth Street, his long lank greaſy hair may be exchanged in Middle Row for a ſmart bag or a jemmy ſcratch; and his clouted ſhoes with the rough hobnails in the heel and ſole clumping at every ſtep, may be tranſformed into a pair of dancing pumps at the Yorkſhire Warehouſe, or the Old Criſpin in Cranbourn Alley. The draggled ſtreet-walker can rig herſelf with a clean ſmock, a linen gown, and an hat ſmartly cocked up behind and before, in Broad St. Giles's; or if ſhe can afford it, every pawnbroker will let out a gold watch with coronets, a tiſſue or brocaded ſack, and all the *paraphernalia* of a counteſs. But where, Mr. Town, can theſe people go to clothe their minds, or at what ſhops are retailed ſenſe and virtue? Honour and honeſty are not to be purchaſed in Monmouth Street; knowledge is not infuſed into the head through the powder-puff; and, as good wine needs no buſh, ſenſe is not derived from the full-bottomed periwig. The woman of the town, vamped up for ſhew with paint, patches, plumpers, and every external ornament that art can adminiſter, knows no method to beautify her mind. She cannot for any price buy chaſtity in Broad St. Giles's, or hire honeſty from the pawnbroker's.

Seeing, therefore, at one view, the difficulty in obtaining the accompliſhments of the mind, and the exact analogy they bear to dreſs, I have been laboring this week paſt to remedy that inconvenience, and have at length deviſed a ſcheme, which will fully anſwer that purpoſe. In a word, then, I ſhall next winter open a ſhop or warehouſe in the moſt public part of the town, under the name of a MIND-AND-BODY-CLOTHIER: two trades which, though never yet united, are ſo far from being incompatible, that they are in their nature inſeparable. I ſhall not only ſupply my friends with a ſuit or a ſingle virtue, but furniſh them with compleat habits of mind and body from head to foot: and by a certain ſecret art in the form

form and texture of the things ſold, the required virtues ſhall be as inherent in them as the materials of which they are compoſed. That ſuch virtues may be transfuſed by cloaths is evident from experience. In the narrow extent of my reading, Mr. Town, I remember to have met with an account of Fortunatus's Wiſhing-Cap, by which he could tranſport himſelf in an inſtant from one place to another: it is alſo well known, that the famous Jack the Giant-killer poſſeſſed a Sword of Sharpneſs, Shoes of Swiftneſs, and a Coat of Inviſibility. Why then may not I ſell a ſurtout of patriotiſm, or a ſword of honour, and retail modeſty and chaſtity to fine ladies in tuckers and aprons?

No one who duly conſiders the natural influence which cloaths commonly have upon their wearers, will object to my ſcheme as utterly impracticable. That a perſon can put on or throw off the internal habits of his mind together with his coat or periwig, is plain in very numerous inſtances. The young counſellor, who every morning in term-time takes the meaſure of Weſtminſter Hall with the importance of a judge upon the circuit, at once diveſts himſelf of his gravity with the ſtarched band and long robe, and reſumes the ſpirit of a Buck together with the ſword and bag-wig. In the ſame manner the orthodox vicar once a week wraps himſelf up in piety and virtue with his canonicals; which qualities are as eaſily caſt off again as his ſurplice; and for the reſt of the week he wears the dreſs as well as the manners of his fox-hunting patron. We may learn the diſpoſition of a man by his apparel, as we know the trade of a carpenter by his leathern apron, or a ſoldier by his red coat. When we ſee a ſnuff-coloured ſuit of *ditto* with bolus buttons, a metal-headed cane, and an enormous buſhy grizzle, we as readily know the wearer to be a diſpenſer of life and death, as if we had ſeen him pounding a mortar or brandiſhing a clyſter-pipe. The different affections of the mind have been diſtinguiſhed by different colours; as ſcarlet has been made to repreſent valour, yellow to denote jealouſy, and true blue to ſignify integrity. Thus we may likewiſe diſcover all the virtues and vices lurking in the different parts of the apparel. When at a city feaſt I ſee the gueſts tucking their napkins into their ſhirt-collars, as if they were all of them going to be ſhaved, I very well know that their thoughts wear a different dreſs than in the Alley; and when the antiquated toaſt is laying on her complexion at the toilet, and repairing the ruins of beauty, what is ſhe doing but patching her mind with pride and conceit? In a word, I can diſcover impudence ſtaring from the bold cock of a Kevenhuller, parſimony ſkulking in a darned ſtocking, coquetry ſpread out in a hoop-petticoat, and foppery dangling from a ſhoulder-knot. I often pleaſe myſelf with thus remarking the various dreſſes of the mind; and by the clue you have already given us, I have been able to unfold the inmoſt linings of the heart, and diſcover 'the very 'ſtuff of the thoughts.'

It muſt, however, be owned, that in theſe matters the niceſt penetration may be impoſed on; ſince, in the preſent random method of dreſſing, many perſons appear in maſquerade. This inconvenience, among others, will be remedied by my project; for, as whoever deals with me will at once clothe his mind and his body, the whole town will be dreſſed in character. Thus, if a chimney-ſweeper or a plough boy put on a ſuit of embroidery, a ſword, bag-wig, &c. they will at the ſame time inveſt themſelves with the internal dignity of a perſon of quality: my lady's youngeſt ſon may buy courage with his regimentals, and orthodoxy may be purchaſed at the ſame time with a gown and caſſock by the young ſmarts from the univerſities. My ſcheme alſo further recommends itſelf, by laying open the only path to virtue and knowledge that the world will chuſe to follow; for, as my cloaths will always be cut according to the neweſt and moſt elegant manner, theſe qualifications of the mind, inherent in them, muſt neceſſarily come into faſhion. Thus our fine gentlemen will learn morality under their *valet de chambre*; and a young lady of faſhion will acquire new accompliſhments with every new ribband, and become virtuous as well as beautiful at her toilette. I depend on your readineſs to promote my ſcheme: but what I moſt earneſtly intreat of you, Mr. Town, is to uſe your utmoſt intereſt with the polite world, but eſpecially with the ladies, not to diſcard cloaths entirely; as by ſuch a reſolution my ſcheme muſt be defeated; and, indeed, it will not be in the

the power of man to give them virtue, if they determine to go naked.

As knowledge and virtue can never be ſufficiently diffuſed, my warehouſe will be calculated for general uſe, and ſtored with large aſſortments of all kinds of virtues and dreſſes, that I may ſuit perſons of whatever denomination. Phyſicians may be furniſhed from my ſhop with gravity and learning in the tyes of a periwig; ſerjeants at law may be fitted with a competent knowledge of reports under a coif; and young counſellors may be endued with a ſufficient fund of eloquence for the circuits, in a ſmart tye between a bob and a flow, contrived to cover a toupée. I ſhall ſell religion to country parſons in pudding-ſleeves, and to young town curates juſt come from the univerſity in doctors ſcarfs and full grizzles: I ſhall have ſome pious ejaculations, whinings, and groans, ready cut out in leathern aprons and blue frocks, for the preaching fraternity of carpenters, bricklayers, tallow-chandlers, and butchers, at the Tabernacle and Foundery in Moorfields. For our military gentlemen deſigned to go abroad, I ſhall have ſeveral parcels of true Britiſh courage, woven in a variety of cockades and ſword-knots; and for our fine gentlemen, who ſtay at home, I have provided a proper quantity of French *Bagatelle*, in cut velvet, lace and embroidery, neat as imported.

As the ladies, I ſuppoſe, will all of them to a woman, be deſirous of purchaſing beauty with every branch of the female apparel, I am afraid I ſhall not be able to anſwer their demands; but I ſhall have ſeveral dreſſes, which will make up for the want of it. I ſhall have neatneſs done up in a great variety of plain linen; decency and diſcretion in ſeveral patterns for mobs, hoods, and night-gowns; together with modeſty diſpoſed into tuckers, kerchiefs for the neck, ſtays that almoſt meet the chin, and petticoats that touch the ground. I ſhall alſo have a ſmall portion of chaſtity knit into garters, and twiſted into laces for the ſtays, very proper to be worn at maſquerades and aſſemblies.

I had almoſt forgot to mention, that authors, who are often in equal want of ſenſe and cloaths, ſhall be fitted out by me with both at once on very reaſonable rates. As for yourſelf, Mr. Town, I ſhall beg leave to preſent you with an entire ſuit of ſuperfine wit and humour, warranted to wear well, and appear creditable, and in which no author would be aſhamed to be ſeen. I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

EUTRAPELUS TRIM.

W

Nº LXXVIII. THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1755.

ÆTATIS CUJUSQUE NOTANDI SUNT TIBI MORES.
HOR.

WHAT FOIBLES WAIT ON LIFE THROUGH EV'RY STAGE!
OUR YOUTH A WILD-FIRE, AND A FROST OUR AGE!

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

NOTHING is more neceſſary, in order to wear off any particularities in our behaviour, or to root out any perverſeneſs in our opinions, than mixing with perſons of ages and occupations different from our own. Whoſoever confines himſelf entirely to the ſociety of thoſe who are engaged in the ſame purſuits, and whoſe thoughts naturally take the ſame turn with his own, acquires a certain ſtiffneſs and pedantry of behaviour, which is ſure to make him diſagreeable, except in one particular ſet of company. Inſtead of cramping the mind by keeping it within ſo narrow a circle, we ſhould endeavour to enlarge it by every worthy notion and accompliſhment; and temper each qualification with it's oppoſite; as the four elements are compounded in our natural frame.

The neceſſity of this free converſation, to open and improve the mind, is evident from the conſequences which always follow a neglect of it. The employment each man is engaged in, wholly engroſſes his attention, and tinges the mind with a peculiar dye, which ſhews itſelf in all the operations of it, unleſs prevented by natural good ſenſe or a li-

beral

beral education. The phyſician, the lawyer, and the tradeſman, will appear in company, though none of thoſe occupations are the ſubject of diſcourſe; and the clergyman will grow moroſe and ſevere, who ſeldom or never converſes with the laity. If no particular profeſſion claims this influence over us, ſome darling paſſion or amuſement gives a colour to our thoughts and actions, and makes us odious, or at leaſt ridiculous. Fine ladies for inſtance, by deſpiſing the converſation of ſenſible men, can talk of nothing but routs, balls, aſſemblies, birth-day ſuits, and intrigues; and fine gentlemen, for the ſame reaſon, of almoſt nothing at all. In like manner the furious partizan, who has not been weaned from a mad attachment to particular principles, is weak enough to imagine every man of a different way of thinking a fool and a ſcoundrel; and the ſectary or zealot devotes to eternal damnation all thoſe who will not go to heaven in the ſame road with himſelf, under the guidance of Whitefield, Weſley, or Count Zinzendorff. To the ſame cauſe we owe the rough country ſquire, whoſe ideas are wholly bent on guns, dogs, horſes, and game; and who has every thing about him of a piece with his diverſions. His hall muſt be adorned with ſtags heads, inſtead of buſts and ſtatues; and in the room of family-pictures, you will ſee prints of the moſt famous ſtallions and race-horſes: all his doors open and ſhut with foxes feet; and even the buttons of his cloaths are impreſſed with the figures of dogs, foxes, ſtags, and horſes. To this abſurd practice of cultivating only one ſet of ideas, and ſhutting ourſelves out from any intercourſe with the reſt of the world, is owing that narrowneſs of mind, which has infected the converſation of the polite world with inſipidity, made roughneſs and brutality the characteriſtics of a mere country gentleman, and produced the moſt fatal conſequences in politics and religion.

But if this commerce with the generality of mankind is ſo neceſſary to remove any impreſſions which we may be liable to receive from any particular employment or darling amuſement, what precautions ought to be uſed in order to remedy the inconveniencies naturally incident to the different ages of life! It is not certain that a perſon will be engaged in any profeſſion; or given up to any peculiar kind of pleaſure; but the mind of every man is ſubject to the inclinations ariſing from the ſeveral ſtages of his exiſtence, as well as his body to chronical diſtempers. This, indeed, Mr. Town, is the principal cauſe of my writing to you: for it has often given me great concern to ſee the preſent diviſion between the young and the old; to obſerve elderly men forming themſelves into clubs and ſocieties, that they may be more ſecurely ſeparated from youth; and to ſee young men running into diſſipation and debauchery, rather than aſſociate with age. If each party would labour to conform to the other, from ſuch a coalition many advantages would accrue to both. Our youth would be inſtructed by the experience of age, and loſe much of that levity which they retain too long; while at the ſame time the wrinkled brow of the aged would be ſmoothed by the ſprightly chearfulneſs of youth; by which they might ſupply the want of ſpirits, forget the loſs of old friends, and bear with eaſe all their worldly misfortunes. It is remarkable, that thoſe young men are the moſt worthy and ſenſible, who have kept up any intercourſe with the old; and that thoſe old men are of the moſt chearful and amiable diſpoſition, who have not been aſhamed to converſe with the young.

I will not pretend to decide which party is moſt blameable in neglecting this neceſſary commerce with each other; which, if properly managed, would be at once ſo beneficial and delightful: but it undoubtedly ariſes from a certain ſelfiſhneſs and obſtinacy in both, which will not ſuffer them to make a mutual allowance for the natural difference of their diſpoſitions. Their inclinations are, indeed, as different as their years; yet each expects the other to comply, though neither will make any advances. How rarely do we ſee the leaſt degree of ſociety preſerved between a father and a ſon! a ſhocking reflection, when we conſider that nature has endeavoured to unite them by parental affection on one ſide, and filial gratitude on the other. Yet a father and ſon as ſeldom live together with any tolerable harmony, as an huſband and wife; and chiefly for the ſame reaſon: for though they are both joined under the ſame yoke, yet they

they are each tugging a different way. A father might as well expect his ſon to be as gouty and infirm as himſelf, as to have the diſpoſition which he has contracted from age; and a ſon might as reaſonably deſire the vigour and vivacity of five and twenty, as his own love of gaiety and diverſions in his father. It is therefore evident, that a mutual endeavour to conform to each other is abſolutely requiſite to keep together the cement of natural affection, which an untractable ſtubbornneſs ſo frequently diſſolves; or at leaſt, if it does not diſturb the affection, it conſtantly deſtroys the ſociety between father and ſon.

This unhappy and unnatural diviſion is often the ſubject of complaint in perſons of both ages; but is ſtill unremedied, becauſe neither reflect on the cauſe whence it proceeds. Old men are perpetually commenting on the extreme levity of the times, and blaming the young becauſe they do not admire and court their company: which, indeed, is no wonder, ſince they generally treat their youthful companions as mere children, and expect ſuch a ſlaviſh deference to their years, as deſtroys that equality by which chearfulneſs and ſociety ſubſiſts. Young men do not like to be chid by a proverb, or reproved by a wrinkle: but though they do not chuſe to be corrected by their grave ſeniors like ſchool-boys, they would be proud to conſult them as friends: which the injudicious ſeverity of old age ſeldom will permit, not deigning to indulge them with ſo great a degree of freedom and familiarity. Youth, on the other hand, ſhun the company of age, complaining of the ſmall regard and reſpect paid to them, though they often act with ſo little reſerve and ſuch unbecoming confidence, as not to deſerve it. Suppoſe the old were pleaſed with the natural flow of ſpirits and lively converſation of youth, ſtill ſome reſpect may be challenged as due to them; nor ſhould the decency and ſobriety of their characters ever be inſulted by any improper or immodeſt converſation.

I am an old man myſelf, Mr. Town; and I have an only boy, whoſe behaviour to me is unexceptionable: permit me, therefore, to dwell a moment longer on my favourite ſubject, and I will conclude. With what harmony might all parents and children live together, if the father would ſtrive to ſoften the rigour of age, and remember that his ſon muſt naturally poſſeſs thoſe qualities which ever accompany youth; and if the ſon would in return endeavour to ſuit himſelf to thoſe infirmities which his father received from old age! If they would reciprocally ſtudy to be agreeable to each other, the father would inſenſibly ſubſtitute affection in the room of authority, and loſe the churliſh ſeverity and peeviſhneſs incident to his years: while the ſon would curb the unbecoming impetuoſity of his youth, change his reluctance to obey into a conſtant attention to pleaſe, and remit much of his extreme gaiety in conformity to the gravity of his father. Wherever ſuch a turn of mind is encouraged, there muſt be happineſs and agreeable ſociety: and the contrary qualities of youth and age, thus blended, compoſe the ſureſt cement of affection; as colours of the moſt oppoſite tints, by a ſkilful mixture, each giving and receiving certain ſhades, will form a picture the moſt heightened and exquiſite in it's colouring. I am, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

JOHN BEVIL.

N° LXXIX. THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1755.

——————O TE, BOLLANE, CEREBRI
FELICEM! AIEBAM TACITUS, DUM QUIDLIBET ILLE
GARRIRET, VICOS, URBEM LAUDARET.——————
HOR.

SILENT I SAID—'O HAPPIEST HEAD OF CIT,
'WITH BRAIN UNCUMBER'D, AND THE LOAD OF WIT!
'FROM STREET TO STREET STILL RAMBLING UP AND DOWN,
'WHILE ALL HIS TALK WAS STILL OF LONDON TOWN.'

MR. VILLAGE, TO MR. TOWN.

DEAR COUSIN,

I Have been very much diverted with your obſervations on the honeſt tradeſmen who make weekly excurſions into the villages about town; and I agree with you, that the generality of your citizens ſeldom dare truſt themſelves out of the ſight of London ſmoke, or extend their travels further than with their wives and children in the Wandſworth double poſt-chaiſe, or the Hampton long coach. But we may now and then pick up a ſtray citizen, whom buſineſs had dragged beyond the bills of mortality, as it happened to myſelf the other day, about forty miles from London: and as I was mightily pleaſed with his behaviour and converſation, I have taken the liberty to ſend you an account of it.

Being caught in a ſhower upon the road, I was glad to take ſhelter at the firſt inn I came to; which, if it had not been called the New Inn, I ſhould have thought, from it's antique appearance, had been an houſe of entertainment in the time of our great grandfathers. I had ſcarce alighted, when a ſtrange figure (driven thither, as I ſuppoſed, on the ſame account with myſelf) came ſoberly jogging into the yard, dripping wet. As he waited for the ſteps before he would venture to get off his horſe, I had the opportunity of ſurveying his whole appearance. He was wrapped up in an old thread-bare weather-beaten ſurtout, which I believe had once been ſcarlet; the cape was pulled over his head, and buttoned up cloſe round his face; and his hat was flapped down on each ſide, and faſtened about his ears with a liſt garter, tied under his chin. He wore upon his legs ſomething that reſembled ſpatterdaſhers, which (as I afterwards learned) were cut out of an old pair of boots; but his right ſhoe was conſiderably larger than the other, and had ſeveral ſlits in the upper-leather. He had ſpurs on, indeed, but without rowels; and by way of whip, a worm-eaten cane, with a bone head ſtudded with braſs pins, hung from his wriſt by a ſtring of greaſy black leather.

I ſoon found I was Nobody; for the Gentleman, it ſeems, took up the whole attention of the maid, miſtreſs, and hoſtler, who all of them got round him, and with much difficulty, by the aſſiſtance of the ſteps, helped him down. My landlady, before it was poſſible for her to ſee any part of him but his noſe, told him, 'he looked brave and jolly;' and when ſhe had led him into the kitchen, ſhe fetched a large glaſs of what ſhe called 'her own water,' which (ſhe ſaid) would drive the cold out of his ſtomach. All hands were now buſied in drawing off his ſurtout, which diſcovered underneath a full-trimmed white coat, and a black velvet waiſtcoat with a broad gold lace very much tarniſhed. The ſurtout was hung to dry by the fire as well as his coat, the place of which was ſupplied by a long riding-hood of my landlady; and as the gentleman complained of having ſuffered by loſs of leather, the maid was diſpatched to the doctor's for ſome *diachylon*. The uſual queſtion now ſucceeded, concerning dinner; and as he obſerved I was all alone, he very courteouſly aſked me to join company, which I as readily agreed to.

The important buſineſs of dinner being ſettled, we adjourned into a private room, when my fellow-gueſt told me of his own mere act and motion, that he lived in London; that for theſe twenty years he had always come to the town we were now in, once a year, to receive money, and take orders for goods; and that

that he had always put up at this houſe. He then run on in the praiſes of the landlady; and tipping me a wink—'Aye, ſays he, 'ſhe has been a clever woman 'in her time, before ſhe bore children.' He added, that for his part, he did not like your great inns; for that they never looked upon any thing under a coach and ſix. He further informed me, that he was married to his preſent wife in the firſt mayoralty of Alderman Parſons, and in the very waiſtcoat he had on—'But,' ſays he, 'I now wear it 'only on a journey; becauſe, you 'know, a bit of lace commands re'ſpect upon the road.' On enquiring about his family, I found he had three boys; one of whom was bound prentice to himſelf; the other was ſent to ſea, becauſe he was a wild one; and the youngeſt he deſigned to make a parſon, becauſe he was grave, and his play-fellows at Poule's ſchool uſed to call him Biſhop.

All this while he had ſat in my landlady's riding-hood, with a linen night-cap on his head tied on the top with a piece of black ribband, which (he told me) he always rode in, becauſe it was cooler than a wig. But the ſaddle-bags were now ordered in; and out of one of them he drew a large flowing grizzle, carefully buckled, which he combed out himſelf, borrowing ſome flour from the kitchen drudger. His ſpatterdaſhers were next taken off, and his ſhoes wiped with a wiſp of hay; when being aſſured by the landlady herſelf, that his coat was dry enough to put on, he compleatly equipped himſelf, in order to wait on ſeveral tradeſmen with whom he had dealings, after dinner. As this was not quite ready, we took a walk to the ſtables to ſee his mare: and though the beaſt ſeemed as lean and harmleſs as Sancho's aſs, he aſſured me he had much ado to ride her, ſhe was ſo friſky, for ſhe had not run in the chaiſe theſe two Sundays paſt.

Being ſummoned to dinner, we ſat down to a repaſt of mutton chops and ſheeps hearts, which laſt he declared to be the wholſomeſt eating in the world. He objected to wine, becauſe there was not a drop good for any thing to be got upon the road; but he vaſtly recommended my landlady's home-brew'd, which he affirmed to be better than Hogſden ale, or the thatch beer at Iſlington. Our meal being ended, my companion took his pipe; and we laid our heads together for the good of the nation, when we mauled the French terribly both by land and ſea. At laſt, among other talk, he happened to aſk me, if I lived in the city? As I was deſirous of hearing his remarks, I anſwered, that I had never ſeen London. 'Never ſeen it?' ſays he. 'Then 'you have never ſeen one of the fineſt 'ſights in the whole world. Paris is 'but a dog-hole to it.' There luckily hung a large Map of London over the chimney-piece, which he immediately made me get from my chair to look at. 'There,' ſays he, 'there's London for 'you.—You ſee it is bigger than the 'Map of all England.' He then led me about, with the end of his pipe, through all the principal ſtreets from Hyde Park to Whitechapel. 'That,' ſays he, 'is the River Thames—There's 'London Bridge—There my Lord 'Mayor lives—That's Poule's—There 'the Monument ſtands: and now, if 'you was but on the top of it, you 'might ſee all the houſes and churches 'in London.' I expreſſed my aſtoniſhment at every particular: but I could hardly refrain laughing, when pointing out to me Lincoln's Inn Fields—'There,' ſaid he, 'there all the noble'men live.' At laſt, after having tranſported me all over the town, he ſet me down in Cheapſide, which, he ſaid, was the biggeſt ſtreet in the city. 'And now,' ſays he, 'I'll ſhew you where I live.—'That's Bow Church—and thereabouts '—where my pipe is—there—juſt there 'my ſhop ſtands.' He concluded with a kind invitation to me to come and ſee him; and pulling out a book of patterns from his coat pocket, aſſured me, that if I wanted any thing in his way, he could afford to let me have a bargain.

I promiſed to call upon him; and the weather now clearing up, after ſettling the balance of our reckoning with the landlady, we took leave of each other: but juſt as I had mounted my horſe, and was going to ſet forward, my new acquaintance came up to me, and ſhaking me by the hand—'Harkye,' ſays he, 'if 'you will be in town by the twenty-'fifth of this inſtant July, I will in'troduce you to the *Cockney's Feaſt*; 'where, I aſſure you, you'll be mighty 'merry, and hear a great many good 'ſongs.'

T I am, dear Couſin, yours, &c.

No. LXXX. THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, 1755.

NULLA VIRI CURA INTEREA, NEC MENTIO FIET
DAMNORUM.——————— Juv.

WHAT THOUGH THE SPOUSE BE RUIN'D, WHERE'S THE SIN,
BY MADAM'S FRIENDS, SO DEAR, SO NEAR AKIN?

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

IF polygamy was allowed in this country, I am ſure I might maintain a ſeraglio of wives at leſs expence than I have brought upon myſelf by marrying one woman. One, did I ſay? Alas! I find it, to my coſt, that a wife, like a polypus, has the power of dividing and multiplying herſelf into as many bodies as ſhe pleaſes. You muſt know, Mr. Town, I took a woman of ſmall fortune, and made her my own fleſh and blood: but I never thought that all her relations would likewiſe faſten on me, with as little ceremony as a colony of fleas. I had ſcarce brought her home, before I was obliged to marry her mother: then I was prevailed upon to marry her two maiden ſiſters; after that I married her aunts; then her couſins. In ſhort, I am now married to the whole generation of them. I do not exaggerate matters, when I ſay that I am married to them all: for they claim as much right to every thing that is mine, as the perſon whom the world calls my wife. They eat, drink, and ſleep with me: every room in the houſe is at their command, except my bed-chamber: they borrow money of me: and ſince I have the whole family quartered upon me, what ſignifies it which of them takes upon her my name—my wife, her ſiſter, or her twentieth couſin?

O, Mr. Town! I never ſit down to table without the lamentable proſpect of ſeeing as much victuals conſumed as would dine a whole veſtry. So many mouths conſtantly going at my expence! And then there is ſuch a variety of proviſions! For couſin Biddy likes one diſh; my aunt Rachel is fond of another; ſiſter Molly cannot abide this; and mother could never touch that—though I find they are all of them unanimous in liking the beſt of every thing in ſeaſon. Beſides, I could entertain a ſet of jolly topers at a leſs rate than it coſts me in light wines for the women. One of them drinks nothing but Liſbon; with another nothing goes down but Rhenish and Spa; and a third ſwallows me an ocean of Briſtol Milk, with as little remorſe as ſhe would ſo much ſmall beer: my eldeſt aunt likes a glaſs of dry Mountain; while the other thinks nothing helps digeſtion ſo well as Madeira. It was but laſt week that my wife expreſſed a deſire of taſting ſome Claret, when immediately all my good-natured relations had a mighty longing for it: but with much ado I at laſt prevailed on them to compound with me for a cheſt of Florence.

You may imagine that my houſe cannot be a very ſmall one: and I aſſure you there are as many beds in it as in a country inn. Yet I have ſcarce room to turn myſelf about in it: for one apartment is taken up by this relation, another by that; and the moſt diſtant couſin muſt have more reſpect than her, than to be clapped up in a garret with the maid-ſervants: ſo that poor I have no more liberty in my own houſe than a lodger. Once, indeed, I in vain endeavoured to ſhake them off, and took a little box in the neighbourhood of town, ſcarce big enough to hold my own family. But, alas! they ſtuck as cloſe to it as a ſnail to her ſhell: and rather than not lie under the ſame roof with their relation, they contrived to litter together like ſo many pigs in a ſtye. At another time, thinking to clear my houſe at once of theſe vermin, I packed up my wife and mother, and ſent them to her uncle's in the country for a month. But what could I do? there was no getting rid of thoſe left behind: my wife had made over to them the care of the houſhold, allotting to each of them her particular employment during her abſence. One was to pickle walnuts, another to preſerve ſweetmeats, another to make Morella brandy; all which they executed with the notable-

neſs

neſs peculiar to good houſewives, who ſpoil and waſte more than they ſave, for the ſatisfaction of making theſe things at home. At laſt my wife returned; and all that I got by her journey, was the importation of two new couſins freſh out of the country, who ſhe never knew before were related to her:—but they have been ſo kind as to claim kindred with me by hanging upon me ever ſince.

One would imagine, that it were ſufficient for theſe loving relations to have the run of my table, and to make my houſe in every reſpect their own: but not content with this, they have the cunning to oblige me, in a manner, to find them in cloaths likewiſe. I ſhould not repine, if any of my worthy relations were humble enough to put up with a caſt-off ſuit of my wife's; but that would be robbing the maid of her juſt dues, and would look more like a dependant than a relation. Not but that they will condeſcend now and then to take a gown, before it is half worn out, (when they have talked my wife into a diſlike of it)—becauſe it is too good for a common ſervant. They have more ſpirit than to *beg* any thing: but—if my wife has a fancy to *part* with it—they will wear it, purely for her ſake. A cap, an apron, or an handkerchief, which, I am told, looks hideous upon her, I always find is very becoming on any other of the family: and I remember, ſoon after we were married, happening to find fault with the pattern of a ſilk brocade my wife had juſt bought, one of her ſiſters took it from her, and told me ſhe would have it made up for herſelf, and wear it on purpoſe to ſpite me.

You muſt know, Mr. Town, that upon my marriage I was indiſcreet enough to ſet up my chariot: and ſince my family has encreaſed ſo prodigiouſly, this has given them a pretext to have a coach likewiſe, and another pair of horſes. This alſo furniſhes them with a pretence for running about to public diverſions, where I am forced to treat them all: for they are ſo very fond of each other's company, that one will hardly ever ſtir out without the other. Thus, at home or abroad, they conſtantly herd together: and what is ſtill more provoking, though I had rather have a rout every week at my houſe, my wife makes a merit of it, that ſhe keeps little or no company.

Such is the ſtate of my family within doors: and though you would think this ſufficient for one man, I can aſſure you I have other calls upon me from relations no leſs dear to me, though I have never yet had the happineſs to ſee them. A third couſin by my wife's father's ſide was ſet up in the country in a very good way of buſineſs; but by misfortunes in trade muſt have gone to jail, if my wife had not teazed me into being bound for him, and for which I was ſoon after arreſted, and obliged to pay the money. Another, a very promiſing youth, was juſt out of his time, and only wanted a little ſum to ſet him up; which as ſoon as I had lent him, he run away, and is gone to ſea. One of the aunts, who is now with me, (a widow lady) has an only daughter, a ſober diſcreet body, who lived as a companion with an old gentlewoman in the country: but the poor innoceſit girl being drawn aſide by a vile fellow that ruined her, I have been forced to ſupport the unhappy mother and child ever ſince, to prevent any reproach falling on our family. I ſhall ſay nothing of the various preſents which have travelled down to my wife's uncle, in return for one turkey and chine received at Chriſtmas; nor ſhall I put to account the charge I have been at in the goſſip fees, and in buying corals, anodyne necklaces, &c. for half a dozen little nephews, nieces, and couſins, to which I had the honour of ſtanding godfather.

And now, Mr. Town, the mention of this laſt circumſtance makes me reflect with an heavy heart on a new calamity which will ſhortly befal me. My wife, you muſt know, is very near her time: and they have provided ſuch a ſtore of clouts, caps, forehead-cloths, biggens, belly-bands, whittles, and all kinds of childbed linen, as would ſet up a Lying-in-Hoſpital. You will conclude that my family wants no further increaſe: yet, would you believe it? I have juſt received a letter, acquainting me, that another aunt, and another couſin, are coming up in the ſtage-coach to ſee their relation, and are reſolved to ſtay with her the month. Indeed, I am afraid, when they have once got footing in my houſe, they will reſolve to ſtay with her till ſhe has had another and another child.

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant, &c.

N° LXXXI. THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1755.

——GENUS HUMANUM MULTO FUIT ILLUD IN ARVIS DURIUS.—— LUCRET.

AN HARDY RACE OF MORTALS, TRAIN'D TO SPORTS;
THE FIELD THEIR JOY, UNPOLISH'D YET BY COURTS.

MR. VILLAGE, TO MR. TOWN.

DEAR COUSIN,

A Mere country ſquire, who paſſes all his time among dogs and horſes, is now become an uncommon character; and the moſt aukward loobily inheritor of an old manſion-houſe is a fine gentleman in compariſon to his forefathers. The principles of a town education formerly ſcarce ſpread themſelves beyond the narrow limits of the bills of mortality: but now every London refinement travels to the remoteſt corner of the kingdom, and the polite families from the town daily import to their diſtant ſeats the cuſtoms and manners of Pall Mall and Groſvenor Square.

I have been for this fortnight paſt at Lord Courtly's, who for about four months in every year leads a town life at the diſtance of above two hundred miles from London. He never leaves his bed till twelve or one o'clock; though indeed he often ſees the ſun-riſe; but then that only happens when, as the old ſong ſays, he has 'drank down the 'moon.' Drinking is the only rural amuſement he purſues; but even that part of his diverſions is conducted entirely in the London faſhion. He does not ſwill country ale, but gets drunk with Champagne and Burgundy; and every diſh at his table is ſerved up with as much elegance as at White's or Ryan's. He has an excellent pack of hounds; but, I believe, was never in at the death of a fox in his life: yet ſtrangers never want a chace, for the hounds are out three times a week with a younger brother of Lord Courtly's, who never ſaw London; and who, if he was not indulged with a place at his Lordſhip's table, might naturally be conſidered as his whipper-in or his game-keeper.

The evening-walk is a thing unknown and unheard of at Lord Courtly's: for though ſituated in a very fine country, he knows no more of the charms of purling ſtreams and ſhady groves, than if they had never exiſted but in poetry or romance. As ſoon as the daily debauch after dinner, and the ceremonies of coffee and tea are over, the company is conducted into a magnificent apartment illuminated with wax-candles, and ſet out with as many card-tables as the rout of a foreign ambaſſador's lady. Here Faro, Whiſt, Brag, Lanſquenet, and every other faſhionable game, make up the evening's entertainment. This piece of politeneſs has often fallen heavy on ſome honeſt country gentlemen, who have found dining with his lordſhip turn out a very dear ordinary; and many a good lady has had occaſion to curſe the cards, and her ill-ſtarred connections with perſons of quality: though his lordſhip is never at a loſs for a party; for as ſeveral people of faſhion have ſeats near him, he often ſits down with ſome of his friends of the club at White's. I had almoſt forgot to mention that her ladyſhip *keeps a day*, which is Sunday.

This, dear Couſin, is the genteel manner of living in the country; and I cannot help obſerving, that perſons poliſe enough to be fond of ſuch exquiſite refinements, are partly in the ſame caſe with the mechanic at his duſty vill. They both, indeed, change their ſituation; but neither find the leaſt alteration in their ideas. The tradeſman, when at his box, has all the notions that employ him in his compting-houſe; and the nobleman, though in the fartheſt part of England, may ſtill be ſaid to breathe the air of St. James's.

I was chiefly induced to ſend you this ſhort account of the refined manner in which perſons of faſhion paſs their time at Lord Courtly's, becauſe I think it a very ſtriking contraſt to the character deſcribed in the following tranſcript. I hope your readers will not do either you or me the honour to think this natural portraiture a mere creature of the imagination. The picture of the extraordinary gentleman here deſcribed is now at the ſeat of the Lord Shafteſbury, at

St. Giles's, near Cranborn in Dorſetſhire; and this lively character of him was really and truly drawn by Anthony Aſhley Cowper, firſt Earl of Shafteſbury; and is inſcribed on the picture. I doubt not but you will be glad of being able to communicate it to the public, and that they will receive it with their uſual candour.

THE CHARACTER OF THE HONOURABLE W. HASTINGS, OF WOODLANDS, IN HAMPSHIRE; SECOND SON OF FRANCIS EARL OF HUNTINGDON.

IN the year 1638 lived Mr. Haſtings; by his quality ſon, brother, and uncle to the Earls of Huntingdon. He was peradventure an original in our age; or rather the copy of our ancient nobility, in hunting, not in warlike times.

He was low, very ſtrong and very active; of a reddiſh flaxen hair; his cloaths always green cloth, and never all worth (when new) five pounds.

His houſe was perfectly of the old faſhion, in the midſt of a large park well ſtocked with deer; and near the houſe rabbits to ſerve the kitchen; many fiſh-ponds; great ſtore of wood and timber; a bowling-green in it, long but narrow, full of high ridges, it being never levelled ſince it was ploughed. They uſe round ſand bowls; and it had a banqueting-houſe, like a ſtand, built in a tree.

He kept all manner of ſport-hounds, that ran buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger; and hawks, long and ſhort winged. He had all ſorts of nets for fiſh. He had a walk in the New Foreſt, and the manor of Chriſt Church. This laſt ſupplied him with red deer, ſea and river fiſh. And indeed all his neighbours grounds and royalties were free to him, who beſtowed all his time on theſe ſports, but what he borrowed to careſs his neighbours wives and daughters; there being not a woman in all his walks, of the degree of a yeoman's wife or under, and under the age of forty, but it was extremely her fault if he was not intimately acquainted with her. This made him very popular, always ſpeaking kindly to the huſband, brother, or father; who was to boot very welcome to his houſe, whenever he came. There he found beef, pudding, and ſmall-beer, in great plenty. A houſe not ſo neatly kept as to ſhame him or his dirty ſhoes: the great hall ſtrewed with marrow-bones, full of hawks-perches, hounds, ſpaniels, and terriers: the upper ſide of the hall hung with fox-ſkins of this and the laſt year's killing; here and there a pole-cat intermixed; game-keepers and hunters poles in great abundance.

The parlour was a large room as properly furniſhed. On a great hearth paved with brick lay ſome terriers, and the choiceſt hounds and ſpaniels. Seldom but two of the great chairs had litters of young cats in them, which were not to be diſturbed; he having always three or four attending him at dinner; and a little white round ſtick of fourteen inches lying by his trencher, that he might defend ſuch meat as he had no mind to part with to them. The windows (which were very large) ſerved for places to lay his arrows, croſs-bows, ſtone-bows, and other ſuch like accoutrements. The corners of the room full of the beſt-choſe hunting and hawking poles. An oyſter-table at the lower end; which was of conſtant uſe twice a day all the year round: for he never failed to eat oyſters, before dinner and ſupper, through all ſeaſons; the neighbouring town of Pool ſupplied him with them.

The upper part of the room had two ſmall tables and a deſk, on the one ſide of which was a Church Bible, and on the other the Book of Martyrs. On the tables were hawks-hoods, bells, and ſuch like; two or three old green hats, with their crowns thruſt in ſo as to hold ten or a dozen eggs, which were of a pheaſant kind of poultry he took much care of and fed himſelf. Tables, dice, cards, and boxes, were not wanting. In the hole of the deſk were ſtore of tobacco-pipes that had been uſed.

On one ſide of this end of the room was the door of a cloſet wherein ſtood the ſtrong beer and the wine, which never came thence but in ſingle glaſſes; that being the rule of the houſe exactly obſerved: for he never exceeded in drink or permitted it.

On the other ſide was the door into an old chapel, not uſed for devotion. The pulpit, as the ſafeſt place, was never wanting of a cold chine of beef, veniſon-paſty, gammon of bacon, or great apple-pye with thick cruſt, extremely baked.

His table coſt him not much; though it was good to eat at. His ſports ſupplied all but beef and mutton, except Fridays,

Fridays, when he had the beſt ſalt fiſh (as well as other fiſh) he could get; and was the day his neighbours of beſt quality moſt viſited him. He never wanted a London pudding, and always ſung it in with 'My part lies therein-a.' He drank a glaſs or two of wine at meals; very often ſyrup of gilliflower in his ſack; and had always a tun glaſs, without feet, ſtood by him, holding a pint of ſmall beer, which he often ſtirred with roſemary.

He was well natured, but ſoon angry, calling his ſervants Baſtards and cuckoldy Knaves, in one of which he often ſpoke truth to his own knowledge; and ſometimes in both, though of the ſame man. He lived to be an hundred; never loſt his eye-ſight, but always wrote and read without ſpectacles; and got on horſeback without help. Until paſt fourſcore he rode to the death of a ſtag as well as any.

I am, dear Couſin, your's, &c.

Nº LXXXII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1755.

NOSSE OMNIA HÆC, SALUS EST ADOLESCENTULIS. TER.

ALL THESE TO KNOW, IS SAFETY TO THE YOUTH.

THOUGH the following letter was originally written for the inſtruction of a young gentleman going to the Univerſity; yet as it contains ſeveral juſt and ſenſible reflections, which may be of uſe to many of my readers, I have willingly complied with the requeſt of my correſpondent in making it the entertainment of to-day.

DEAR SIR,

AS you are now going to the Univerſity, I would not be thought to pay ſo ill a compliment to your own natural good ſenſe, as to ſuppoſe that you will not (like many young gentlemen of fortune) in ſome meaſure apply yourſelf to ſtudy: otherwiſe the time you ſpend there will be entirely loſt; for (as Swift very juſtly remarks) 'all ornamental 'parts of education are better taught in 'other places.' At the ſame time I do not mean that you ſhould commence Pedant, and be continually poring on a book; ſince that will rather puzzle than inform the underſtanding. And though I know many ſprightly young gentlemen of lively and quick parts affect to deſpiſe it altogether, it will be neceſſary to learn ſometing of Logic; I mean in the ſame manner one would learn Fencing—not to attack others, but to defend one's ſelf. In a word, you will find it a great unhappineſs, when you return hither, if you do not bring with you ſome taſte for reading: for a mere country gentleman, who can find no ſociety in books, will have little elſe to do, beſides following his ſports, but to ſit as ſquire of the company, tippling among a parcel of idle wretches, whoſe underſtandings are nearly on a level with his dogs and horſes.

It has been an eſtabliſhed maxim, that the world will always form an opinion of perſons according to the company they are known to keep. In the Univerſity, as well as in other places, there are people whom we ought to avoid as we would the plague: and as it is of the utmoſt conſequence, whether you plunge at once into extravagance and debauchery, or ſink gradually into indolence and ſtupidity, I ſhall point out ſome of theſe peſts of ſociety in as few words as poſſible.

The firſt perſon I would caution you againſt is the wretch that takes delight to turn religion into ridicule: one who employs that ſpeech, which was given him by God to celebrate his praiſe, in queſtioning his very being. This, as it is impious in himſelf, is likewiſe the height of ill-manners. It is hoped there are but few of them to be met with in a place of ſound doctrine and religious education: but wherever they are, they ought to be avoided as much as poſſible; and if they will force themſelves into our company, they ſhould be uſed with the ſame contempt with which they have the hardineſs to treat their Maker. And this, I can aſſure you, may be done ſafely: for I never knew any body, who was above the fear of God, but was under the moſt terrible apprehenſions whenever attacked by man.

The next character, whom I would adviſe

dvise you to shun, is the Gamester, in ome respects not unlike the former. The gaming table is his shrine, and fortune his deity; nor does he ever speak r think of any other, unless by way of blasphemy, oaths, and curses, when he as had a bad run at cards or dice. He as not the least notion of friendship; ut would ruin his own brother, if it night be of any advantage to himself. He indeed professes himself your friend; ut that is only with a design to draw ou in: for his trade is inconsistent with he principles of honour or justice, without which there can be no real friendhip. It should, therefore, be the care of every gentleman, not to hold any commerce with such people, whose acquaintance he cannot enjoy without giving up his estate.

The next person, whom you ought to beware of, is the Drunkard; one that takes an unaccountable pleasure in sapping his constitution, and drowning his understanding. He constantly goes senseless to bed, and rises maukish in the morning; nor can he be easy in body or mind till he has renewed his dose, and again put himself beyond the reach of reflection. I would, therefore, entreat you by all means to avoid an habit, which will at once ruin your health, and impair your intellects. It is a misfortune, that society should be esteemed dull and insipid without the assistance of the bottle to enliven it: so that a man cannot entirely refrain from his glass, if he keeps any company at all. But let it be remembered, that in drinking, as well as in talking, we ought always to 'keep a watch over the doors of our 'lips.'

A Lowngeris a creature that you will often see lolling in a coffee-house, or sauntering about the streets, with great calmness, and a most inflexible stupidity in his countenance. He takes as much pains as the Sot to fly from his own thoughts; and is at length happily arrived at the highest pitch of indolence, both in mind and body. He would be as inoffensive as he is dull, if it were not that his idleness is contagious; for, like the *torpedo*, he is sure to benumb and take away all sense of feeling from every one with whom he happens to come in contact.

It were also best to forbear the company of a Wrangler, or a person of a litigious temper. This sometimes arises, not from any great share of ill-nature, but from a vain pride of shewing one's parts, or skill in argumentation. It is frequently observed of young Academics in particular, that they are very apt impertinently to engage people in a dispute, whether they will or not. But this is contrary to all the rules of good-breeding, and is never practised by any man of sense that has seen much of the world. I have sometimes known a person of great saciness and volubility of expression confuted by the *Argumentum Baculinum*, and both his head and his syllogism broken at the same time.

I need not point out to you the profligate Rake or the affected Coxcomb, as persons from whose company you can reap no sort of benefit. From the first the good principles already instilled into you will doubtless preserve you; and I am sure you have too much real sense not to despise the absurd fopperies of the latter. Noted Liars are no less to be avoided, as the common pests of society. They are often of a mischievous disposition, and by their calumnies and false suggestions take a pleasure in setting the most intimate friends at variance. But if they only deal in harmless and improbable lyes, their acquaintance must frequently be out of countenance for them; and if we should venture to repeat after them, I am sure it is the way to be out of countenance for ourselves.

But above all I must advise you never to engage, at least not with any degree of violence, in any Party. Be not transported by the clamorous jollity of talking patriots beyond the sober dictates of reason and justice; nor let the insinuating voice of corruption tempt you to barter your integrity and peace of mind for the paltry satisfaction of improving your fortune. If you behave with honour and prudence, you will be regarded and courted by all parties; but if otherwise, you will certainly be despised by all. Perhaps, indeed, if you should hereafter engage in elections, and spend your own money to support another's cause, the person in whose interest you are may shake you by the hand, and swear you are a very honest gentleman—just as butchers treat their bull-dogs, who spit in their mouths, clap them on the back, and then halloo them on to be tossed and torn by the horns of their antagonist.

After having guarded you against the

evil influence of your own ſex, I cannot conclude without throwing in a word or two concerning the Ladies. But that I may not be thought unmannerly to the fair, I ſhall paſs over their faults; only hoping, that their excellencies will not tempt you to precipitate a match with one much your inferior in birth and fortune, though 'endowed with every accompliſhment requiſite to make the 'marriage-ſtate happy.' In theſe haſty and unequal matches it ſometimes happens that mutual love gives way to mutual reproaches. We may perhaps too late repent of our bargain: and though Repentance be an excellent viſiting friend, when ſhe reminds us of our paſt miſcarriages, and preſcribes rules how to avoid them for the future, yet ſhe is a moſt troubleſome companion when fixed upon us for life. I am, dear Sir, your ſincere friend, &c. H. A.

N° LXXXIII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1755.

TOT PARITER PELVES, TOT TINTANNABULA DICAS
PULSARI——— Juv.

ROUGH REPETITION ROARS IN RUDEST RHYME,
AS CLAPPERS CLINKLE IN ONE CHARMING CHIME.

SINCE genius is the chief requiſite in all kinds of poetry, nothing can be more contrary to the very eſſence of it, than the adopting as beauties, certain arts which are merely mechanical. There are daily ariſing many whimſical excellencies, which have no foundation in nature, but are only countenanced by the preſent mode of writing. With theſe it is as eaſy to fill our compoſitions, as to dreſs ourſelves in the faſhion: but the writer who puts his work together in this manner, is no more a poet than his taylor. Such productions often betray great labour and exactneſs, but ſhew no genius: for thoſe who ſit down to write by rule, and follow 'dry receipts how 'poems ſhould be made,' may compoſe their pieces without the leaſt aſſiſtance from the imagination; as an apothecary's pretence, though unable to cure any diſeaſe, can make up medicines from the phyſician's preſcription, with no more knowledge of phyſic than the names of the drugs. Thus the Muſe, that ought to fly, and 'aſcend the brigheſt 'heaven of invention,' walks in leading-ſtrings, or is ſupported by a go cart.

Among the many poetical tricks of this ſort, none have been more ſucceſsfully practiſed, or had more advocates and admirers, than a certain fantaſtical conceit, called Alliteration: which is nothing more than beginning two, three, or perhaps every word in a line, with the ſame letter. This method of running diviſions upon the alphabet, and preſſing particular letters into the ſervice, has been accounted one of the firſt excellencies in verſification, and has indeed received the ſanction of ſome of our beſt poets: but wherein the beauty of it conſiſts, is ſomething difficult to diſcover; ſince Quarles or Withers might practiſe it with as much adroitneſs as Dryden or Spenſer. It is one of thoſe modern arts in poetry, which require no fancy, judgment, or learning, in the execution: for an author may huddle the ſame letters on each other again and again, as mechanically as the printer ſelects his types, and ranges them in whatſoever order he pleaſes.

This partial attachment to particular letters is a kind of contraſt to the famous Odyſſey of Tryphiodorus, where every letter in the alphabet was in it's turn excluded; and the Alliterator muſt be as buſily employed to introduce his favourite vowel or conſonant, as the Greek poet to ſhut out the letter he had proſcribed. Nothing is eſteemed a greater beauty in poetry, than an happy choice of epithets; but Alliteration reduces all the elegancies of expreſſion to a very narrow compaſs. Epithets are culled, indeed, with great exactneſs; but the cloſeſt relation they are intended to bear to the word to which they are joined, is that the initials are the ſame. Thus the *fields* muſt be *flowery*, *beauty* muſt be *beaming*, *ladies* muſt be *lovely*; and in the ſame manner muſt the 'waters 'wind their watery way,' the 'bluſtering blaſts blow,' and 'locks all locks 'lay,' not for the ſake of the poetry, but

the elegance of the Alliteration. is beauty has alſo taken poſſeſſion of ny of our tragedies; and I have ſeen ies wooed and heroes killed in it; ugh, I muſt own, I never hear an or 'dying with deadly darts and fiery lames,' &c. but it always puts me in d of the celebrated pippin-woman in y's Trivia, whoſe head, when it was ered from her body, rolled along the crying—'Pip, pip, pip,' and expired Alliteration.

The ſame falſe taſte in writing, 'that wings diſplay'd and altars rais'd,' al- introduced Alliteration; and Acroſtics particular are the ſame kind of ſpell- book poetry. It is, therefore, ſome- at extraordinary, that thoſe ſublime iters, who have diſgraced their pages th it, did not leave this as well as the her barbarous parts of literature to the oths in poetry; ſince it is a whimſical auty, below the practice of any wri- , ſuperior to him who turned the neid into Monkiſh verſes. Shake- eare, who was more indebted to nature an art, has ridiculed this low trick ith great humour in his burleſque tra- dy of Pyramus and Thiſbe. Beſides at noted paſſage—

—With blade, with bloody blameful blade, e bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breaſt,

e before introduces a mock rant, which ottom calls Ercles' vein; which is not nly rank ſuſtian, but is alſo remark- ble for it's Alliteration. 'To make all ſplit the raging rocks, and ſhiver- ing ſhocks ſhall break the locks of priſon gates—and Phibbus car ſhall ſhine from far, and make and mar the fooliſh fates.' In this ſtrange ſtile ave whole poems been written; and very learned reader will recollect on his occaſion the *Pugna Porcorum per P. Porcium Pelagium Poetam*, which I wiſh ſome of our poetaſters would tranſ- late in the true ſpirit of the original, and praiſe pigs and pork with all the beauties of Alliteration.

The advocates and admirers of this practice have aſſerted, that it adds ſig- nificance and ſtrength of expreſſion to their verſes: but I fear this boaſted energy ſeldom appears to the reader. The Alliteration either remains unre- garded, or, if it is very ſtriking, diſ- guſts thoſe who perceive it; and is often in itſelf, from ſuch a diſagreeable cluſter of the ſame letters, harſh and uncouth. There are many inſtances, where Alli- teration, though ſtudiouſly introduced, renders the verſification rough and inhar- monious; and I will appeal to the greateſt lovers of it, whether the following line, where the repetition was ſcarce intended, is one of the moſt pleaſing in all Virgil's works—

Neu patriæ Validas in Viſcera Vertite Vires.

Wound not with Vigour Vaſt the Vitals of the Veal.

It muſt be acknowledged, that there is ſomething very mechanical in the whole conſtruction of the numbers in moſt of our modern poetry. Sound is more attended to than ſenſe, and the words are expected to expreſs more than the ſentiment. There are ſet rules to make verſes run off glibly, or drawl ſlowly on; and I have read many a poem with ſcarce one tolerable thought in it, that has contained all theſe excellencies of verſification; for which reaſon I muſt confeſs myſelf no friend to thoſe critics who analyſe words and ſyllables, and diſcover latent beauties in every letter, when the author intended that the whole ſhould be taken together. Poetry ſhould ſeem at leaſt to flow freely from the imagination, and not to be ſqueezed from the droppings of the brain. If we would endeavour to acquire a full idea of what we mean to deſcribe, we ſhould then of courſe expreſs ourſelves with force, elegance, and perſpicuity; and this native ſtrength of expreſſion would have more true energy than elaborate phraſes, and a quaint and ſtudied com- bination of words and letters. Fine numbers are undoubtedly one of the chief beauties in poetry; but to make the ſound echo to the ſenſe, we ſhould make the ſenſe our chief object. This appears to me to have been the manly practice of the ancients, and of our own Shakeſpeare, Milton, &c. who breathed the true ſpirit of poetry, without having recourſe to little tricks and mean artifices which only ſerve to diſgrace it. A good writer, who would be above trifling even with a thought, would never purſue words, and play with letters, but leave ſuch a childiſh employment for the ſmall fry of rhymers, who amuſe themſelves with anagrams and crambo. The true poet truſts to his natural ear and ſtrong conception, and knows that the verſifi- cation is adapted to the ſentiment, with-

out culling particular letters, and ſtringing them on his lines; as he is ſure that his verſes are juſt meaſure, without ſcanning them on his fingers.

There are almoſt daily publiſhed certain Lilliputian volumes entitled, 'Pretty 'Books for Children.' A friend of mine, who conſiders the little rhymers of the age as only 'children of a larger 'growth,' that amuſe themſelves with rhymes inſtead of rattles, propoſes to publiſh a ſmall pocket-volume for the uſe of our poetaſters. It will be a Treatiſe on the Art of Poetry *adapted to the meaneſt capacities*, for which ſubſcriptions will be taken, and ſpecimens may be ſeen, at George's and the Bedford coffee-houſes. It will contain full directions how to modulate the numbers on every occaſion, and will inſtruct the young ſcribbler in all the modern arts of verſification. He will here meet with infallible rules, how to ſoften a line and lull us to ſleep with liquids and diphthongs; to roughen the verſe and make it roar again with reiteration of the letter R; to ſet it hiſſing with ſemivowels; to make it pant and breathe ſhort with an hundred heavy aſpirates; or clog it up with the thickeſt double conſonants and monoſyllables: with a particular table of Alliteration, containing the choiceſt epithets, diſpoſed into alphabetical order; ſo that any ſubſtantive may be readily paired with a word beginning with the ſame letter, which, (though a mere expletive) ſhall ſeem to carry more force and ſentiment in it, than any other of a more relative meaning, but more diſtant ſound. The whole to be illuſtrated with examples from the modern poets. This elaborate work will be publiſhed about the middle of the winter, under the title of 'The 'Rhymer's Play-Thing; or, Poetaſter's 'Horn-Book;' ſince there is nothing neceſſary to form ſuch a poet, except teaching him his letters. T

N° LXXXIV. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1755.

——TU, DUM TUA NAVIS IN ALTO EST,
HOC AGE.—— HOR.

THINK, SAILORS, THINK, THOUGH LANDMEN ARE YOUR HATE,
WHO LIKES A MERE TARPAULIN BUT HIS MATE!

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

YOU obliged the world ſome time ago with a few reflections on the Gentlemen of the Army: at the preſent juncture, a word or two on our Sea-Officers would not be unſeaſonable. I do not mean, that you ſhould preſume to direct them how to behave in their ſeveral ſtations, but rather to remark on their conduct and converſation in private life, as far as they are influenced by their maritime characters. There is a certain unfaſhionable dye, which their manners often take from the ſalt-water, that tinctures their whole behaviour on ſhore. If you could aſſiſt in blotting out theſe ſtains, and give a new colour to their conduct, you would add grace and politeneſs to their ordinary converſation, and would be of as much ſervice to our naval commanders in this point, as he was to navigation in general, who firſt invented the compaſs.

As the converſation of thoſe fair-weather foplings, many of whom may be met with in the three regiments of guards, is uſually flat and inſipid, that of our ſea officers is turbulent and boiſterous: and as a trip to Paris has perhaps over-refined the coxcomb in rel, a voyage round the globe frequently brutalizes the ſeaman, who comes home ſo rough and unpoliſhed, that one would imagine he had not viſited any nation in the world, except the Savages, or the Hottentots. The many advantages he has received from having ſeen the cuſtoms and manners of ſo many different people, it is natural to ſuppoſe, would render his converſation very deſirable, as being in itſelf particularly inſtructive and entertaining; but this roughneſs, which clings to the ſeaman's behaviour like tar to his trowſers, makes him unfit for all civil and polite ſociety. He behaves at an aſſembly as if he was upon deck; and his whole deportment manifeſtly betrays, that he is, according to the common phraſe, quite out of his element. Nor can you collect any more from

from him concerning the ſeveral nations he has viſited, than if he had been during the whole time confined to his cabin: and he ſeems to know as little of them, as the fine gentleman of his travels after the polite tour, when he has, for the ſake of improvement, rid poſt through all Europe.

That our ordinary ſeamen, who are many of them draughted from the very loweſt of the populace, ſhould be thus uncivilized, is no wonder. The common ſailor's education in Tottenham Court, or at Hockley in the Hole, has not qualified him to improve by juſt reflections on what he ſees during his voyage; and going on board a man of war is a kind of univerſity education, ſuitably adapted to the principles imbibed in the polite ſeminaries which he came from. A common ſailor too is full as polite as a common ſoldier; and behaves as genteelly to a Wapping landlady, as the gentleman ſoldier at a ſuttling-houſe. But ſurely there ought to be as much difference in the behaviour of the commander and his crew, as there is in their ſituation: and it is beneath the dignity of the Britiſh Flag to have an Admiral behave as rudely as a Swabber, or a Commodore as foul-mouthed as a Boatſwain.

It may perhaps be alledged in excuſe, that the being placed among ſuch a boiſterous ſet of people as our common ſailors, muſt unavoidably wear off all politeneſs and good manners: as it is remarkable, that all thoſe who are employed in the care of horſes, grow as mere brutes as the animals they attend; and as we may often obſerve thoſe juſtices, whoſe chief buſineſs is the examination of highwaymen, houſe-breakers, and ſtreet-walkers, become as vulgar and foul mouthed as a pick-pocket. As there may be ſome truth in this, the commander ſhould therefore be ſtill more on his guard to preſerve the gentleman in his behaviour; and like the ſea itſelf, when the ſtorm is over, grow ſmooth and calm. It is accounted a piece of humour on the Thames to abuſe the other paſſengers on the water; and there are certain ſet terms of abuſe, which fly to and fro from one boat to another on this occaſion. A wag might perhaps amuſe himſelf with this water-language in his voyage to Vauxhall, but muſt be a very ſilly fellow indeed, to think of carrying the joke on ſhore with him. In the ſame manner ſome roughneſs may perhaps be neceſſary to keep the crew in order: but it is abſurd for an officer to retain his harſhneſs in polite company; and is in a manner tying his friends up to the yard-arm, and diſciplining his acquaintance with the cat-of-nine-tails.

But the worſt part of this maritime character is a certain invincible contempt, which they often contract for all mankind, except their fellow-ſeamen. They look on the reſt of the world as a ſet of freſh-water wretches, who could be of no ſervice in a ſtorm or an engagement; and from an unaccountable obſtinacy, are particularly deaf to any propoſals of new improvements in navigation, though experience daily teaches them the great uſe of the diſcoveries already made, and how much room there is for more. They have no notion how ſtudious men can ſit at home, and deviſe charts and inſtruments to direct them in their courſe; they deſpiſe thoſe ingenious perſons, who would aſſiſt them in their undertakings; while they conſider them with the utmoſt contempt, as going round the world in their cloſets, and ſailing at ſea in their elbow-chairs. It is no leſs ſhameful than true, that the Ventilator, one of the moſt beneficial inventions that ever was deviſed, was firſt offered to the ſervice of our men of war, and rejected. It was firſt uſed in foreign ſhips, then by our merchantmen, and laſt of all among our men of war, to whoſe uſe it was firſt recommended. This is a ſtrong proof of that fatal obſtinacy, which our ſea-commanders are too apt to contract; and as a further inſtance of it, I have been told of an Admiral's indignation on this ſubject venting itſelf in the following manner,—'A pack of blockheads,' ſaid he, 'ſit poring, and pretend to make 'improvements for our uſe. They tell 'you, that they diſcover this, and diſ-'cover that; but I tell you they are all 'fools.—For inſtance now, they ſay the 'world is round; every one of them 'ſays the world is round;—but I have 'been all round the world, and it is as 'flat as this table.'

The unpoliſhed behaviour of our ſea-officers is in a great meaſure owing to their being often ſent to ſea very young, with little or no education beyond what they have received at the academy of Woolwich or Portſmouth. A lad of

good

good family, but untoward parts, or miſchievous diſpoſition, who has been flogged for a-while at the grammar-ſchool, or ſnubbed by his parents and friends at home, is frequently clapped on board a ſhip in order to tame him, and to teach him better manners. Here perhaps he at firſt meſſes with the loweſt of the ſeamen; and all that the young gentleman can learn from his jolly meſs-mates in the courſe of two or three voyages, is to drink flip, ſing a bawdy catch, and dance an horn-pipe. Theſe genteel accompliſhments he is ſure to retain, as he grows old in the ſervice; and if he has the good fortune to riſe to a command, he is as ſurly and brutal when advanced to the cabin, as when he was tugging before the maſt.

After all, it is but juſtice to confeſs, that there are many among our ſea-officers, who deſervedly bear the character of Gentlemen and Scholars; and it is eaſy to perceive, with how much better grace they appear in the world than the reſt of their brethren, who, when laid up and taken out of ſevice, are as mere logs as the main-maſt. An officer, who has any reliſh for reading, will employ the many vacant hours, in which he is relieved from duty, much more to his improvement and ſatisfaction, than in ſauntering between the decks, or muddling over a bowl of punch. I would, therefore, ſeriouſly recommend it to thoſe young ſailors who have the happineſs to launch forth with a genteel and liberal education, not to ſuffer every trace of it to be waſhed away, like words written on the ſands: but that, when they return from ſea, they may be fit to be admitted at St. James's, as well as at Wapping or Rotherhithe.

Before I conclude, I muſt beg leave to ſay a word or two concerning our Sea-Chaplains. The common ſailors are known to have, when on board, a very ſerious regard for religion; and their decent behaviour at prayers, and ſedate attention to the ſermon upon quarter-deck, might ſhame a more polite audience at St. James's Church. For this reaſon a truly religious Chaplain, of good morals and ſober converſation, will neceſſarily have as much influence on their behaviour as a mild and prudent Commander. Nor can a clergyman be too circumſpect on this point; ſince, if he does not act in every reſpect conformable to his function, his place might be as well ſupplied by any one of the unbeneficed Doctors of the Fleet. In a word, if a Chaplain will ſo far diveſt himſelf of his ſacred character, as to drink, ſwear, and behave in every reſpect like a common ſailor, he ſhould be obliged to work in the gangway all the reſt of the week, and on Sundays be inveſted with a jacket and trowſers inſtead of his canonicals. I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

O T. FORE-CASTLE.

Nº LXXXV. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1755.

ANIMORUM
IMPLUSU, ET CÆCA MAGNAQUE CUPIDINE.
HOR.

AS THE FRAIL DAME NOW LOVE, NOW REASON GUIDES,
THE MAGIC MIXTURE RISES OR SUBSIDES.

SO long ago as my fourth number (the reader perhaps may not remember) I made mention of a Female Thermometer, conſtructed by my ingenious friend Mr. James Ayſcough, optician, on Ludgate Hill; and I then informed the public, that 'the liquor 'contained within the tube was a che-'mical mixture, which being acted 'upon by the circulation of the blood 'and animal ſpirits, would riſe and fall 'according to the deſires and affections 'of the wearer.' But I have now the further ſatisfaction to acquaint my fair readers, that after ſeveral repeated trials and improvements, we have at length brought the inſtrument to ſo great a degree of perfection, that any common by-ſtander may, by a proper application of it, know the exact temperature of a lady's paſſions. The liquor, among other ſecret ingredients, is diſtilled *ſecundum artem* from the herbs lady's love and maiden-hair, the wax of virgin-bees, and the five greater hot and cold ſeeds: and the properties of it are ſo ſubtle and penetrating,

penetrating, that immediately on it's coming within the atmosphere of a lady's affections, it is actuated by them in the same manner as the spirits are by the impulse of the air in the common Thermometer.

It was not without some difficulty that we could settle the different degrees of heat and cold in a lady's desires, which it would be proper to delineate on our Thermometer: but at last we found, that the whole scale of female characters might be reduced to one or other of the following, viz.

ABANDONED IMPUDENCE.
——— GALLANTRY.
——— LOOSE BEHAVIOUR.
——— INNOCENT FREEDOMS.
——— INDISCRETIONS.
INVIOLABLE MODESTY.

From these degrees, which we have accurately marked on the side of the tube, we have been able to judge of the characters of several ladies, on whom we have made the experiment. In some of these we have found the gradations very sudden; and that the liquor has risen very fast from the lowest point to the highest. We could likewise discover, that it was differently affected according to the different station and quality of the subject; so that the same actions, which in a lady of fashion scarce raised the liquor beyond Indiscretions, in another caused it to mount almost to Impudence. Much also depended upon the air and temperature of the place, where we made our trials: and even the dress had some influence on our Thermometer: as we frequently observed, that the rise and fall of the liquor in the tube bore an exact proportion to the rise and fall of the stays and petticoat.

I shall now proceed to give a succinct account of the many repeated experiments which we have made on different subjects in different places. During the winter season we had frequent opportunities of trying the effects which the play-house, the opera, and other places of diversion, might have on the Thermometer. At the play-house we always found the liquor rise in proportion as the drama was more or less indecent or immoral: at some comedies, and particularly the Chances, it's elevation kept pace exactly with the lusciousness of the dialogue and the ripening of the plot; so that it has often happened, that with some subjects, at the opening of the play, the liquor has struggled a-while, and rose and sunk about the degrees just above Modesty; before the third act it has stood suspended at the middle point between Modesty and Impudence; in the fourth act it has advanced as far as Loose Behaviour; and at the conclusion of the play, it has settled at downright Impudence. At public concerts, and the opera especially, we observed that the Thermometer constantly kept time (if I may so say) with the music and singing; and both at the opera and the play-house, it always regulated it's motions by the dancer's heels. We have frequently made trials of our instrument at the masquerades in the Hay Market: but the temperature of that climate always proved so exceeding hot, that on the moment of our coming into the room, the liquor has boiled up with a surprising effervescence to Abandoned Impudence.

During the summer season, we have not failed to make our observations on the company at the public gardens. Here we found, indeed, that with some raw unpolished females, who came only to eat cheese-cakes and see the cascade and fire works, the liquor did not stir beyond Modesty; with many it has crept up to Indiscretions; and with some it has advanced to Loose Behaviour. We had no opportunity to try our Thermometer in the dark walks: but with some subjects we have plainly perceived the liquor hastening up towards Innocent Freedoms, as they were retiring to these walks from the rest of the company; while with others, who have gone the same way, it has continued to point, (as it did at the beginning of our observations) at Gallantry. One young lady in particular we could not help remarking, whom we followed into Vauxhall, gallanted by an officer. We were glad to see, at her first going in, that the liquor, though it now and then faintly aspired towards Indiscretions, still gravitated back again to Modesty: after they had taken a turn or two in the walks, we perceived it fluctuating between Innocent Freedoms and Loose Behaviour: after this we lost sight of them for some time; and at the conclusion of the entertainment (as we followed them out) we could not without concern observe, that the liquor was hastily bubbling

bubbling up to a degree next to Impudence.

Beſides the experiments on thoſe ladies who frequent the public places of diverſion, we have been no leſs careful in making remarks at ſeveral private routs and aſſemblies. We were here at firſt very much ſurpriſed at the extreme degree of COLD which our Thermometer ſeemed to indicate in ſeveral ladies who were ſeated round the card-tables; as we found not the leaſt alteration in it, either from the young or old: but we at laſt concluded that this was owing to their love of play, which had totally abſorbed all their other paſſions. We have, indeed, more than once perceived, that when a lady has riſen from cards after ſo much ill luck as to have involved herſelf in a debt of honour to a gentleman, the Thermometer has been ſurpriſingly affected; and as ſhe has been handed to her chair, we have known the liquor, which before was quite ſtagnant, run up inſtantaneouſly to the degree of Gallantry. We have alſo been at the trouble to try it's efficacy in the long rooms at Bath, Tunbridge, Cheltenham, &c. and we have found that theſe places have brought about ſurpriſing changes in the conſtitutions of thoſe SICK ladies who go thither for the benefit of the waters.

Having thus ſufficiently proved the perfection of our Thermometer, it only remains to acquaint my readers, that Mr. Ayſcough will be ready to ſupply the public with theſe uſeful inſtruments as ſoon as the town fills. In the mean time I would adviſe thoſe ladies who have the leaſt regard for their characters, to reflect that the gradations, as marked on our Thermometer, naturally lead to each other; that the tranſitions from the loweſt to the higheſt are quick and obvious; and that though it is very eaſy to advance, it is impoſſible to recede. Let them, therefore, be careful to regulate their paſſions in ſuch manner, as that their conduct may be always conſiſtent with decency and honour, and (as Shakeſpeare ſays) 'not ſtepping o'er the 'bounds of Modeſty.' I ſhall conclude with obſerving, that theſe Thermometers are deſigned only for the ladies: for though we imagined at firſt that they might ſerve equally for the men, we have found reaſon to alter our opinion; ſince, in the courſe of ſeveral fruitleſs experiments on our own ſex, there has ſcarce appeared any medium in them between Modeſty and Impudence.

W

N° LXXXVI. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1755.

——VIA SACRA, SICUT MEUS EST MOS,
NESCIO QUID MEDITANS NUGARUM, TOTUS IN ILLIS. HOR.

I RANCE IN QUEST OF KNOWLEDGE EV'RY STREET,
AND STUDY ARTS AT LUDGATE OR THE FLEET.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

IT has been generally imagined that learning is only to be acquired in the cloſet, by turning over a great number of pages: for which reaſon men have been aſſiduous to heap together a parcel of duſty volumes, and our youth have been ſent to ſtudy at the univerſities: as if knowledge was ſhut up in a library, and chained to the ſhelves together with the folios. This prejudice has made every one overlook the moſt obvious and ready means of coming at literature; while, as the Wiſe Man has remarked, 'Wiſdom crieth without; ſhe uttereth 'her voice in the ſtreets; ſhe crieth in 'the chief place of concourſe, in the 'opening of the gates: in the city ſhe 'uttereth her words, and no man re-'gardeth her.' Every lane teems with inſtruction, and every alley is big with erudition: though the ignorant or curious paſſer-by ſhuts his eyes againſt that univerſal volume of arts and ſciences which conſtantly lies open before him in the highways and bye-places; like the laws of the Romans, which were hung up in the public ſtreets.

You muſt know, Mr. Town, that I am a very hard ſtudent; and have perhaps gleaned more knowledge from my reading than any of your poring fellows of colleges, though I was never poſſeſſed of ſo much as an horn-book. In the courſe of my ſtudies I have followed the example of the ancient Peripatetics, who uſed to ſtudy walking: and as I had

not

nd the advantage to be brought up a ſcholar, I have been obliged, like the Lacædemonian children, to the public for my education. My firſt reliſh for letters I got by conning over thoſe elegant monoſyllables, which are chalked out upon walls and gates, and which—as pretty books for children are adorned with cuts—are generally enforced and explained by curious hieroglyphics in *Caricatura*. I ſoon made a further progreſs in the alphabet by ſtaring up at the large letters upon play bills, and advertiſements of ſtage-coaches and waggons; till at length I was enabled to make out the inſcriptions upon ſigns, bills on empty houſes, and the titles on rubric-poſts. From theſe I proceeded gradually to higher branches of literature; and my method has ſince been to viſit the Philobiblian libraries, and other learned ſtalls, and the noble collections at Moorfields; in which choice repoſitories I have, with infinite pleaſure and advantage, run over the elaborate ſyſtems of ancient divines, politicians, and philoſophers, which have eſcaped the fury of paſtry-cooks and trunk-makers. As for the modern writings of pamphleteers and magazine-compilers, I make it my buſineſs to take my rounds every morning at the open ſhops about the Royal Exchange; where I never fail to run through every thing, freſh as it comes out. Thus, for example, I make a ſhift to ſquint over the firſt page of the Connoiſſeur, as it lies before me, at Mrs. Cooke's; at the next ſhop I ſteal a peep at the middle pages; at another proceed on to the fourth or fifth; and perhaps return again to conclude it at Mrs. Cooke's. By the ſame means I am myſelf become a Connoiſſeur likewiſe; and you will be ſurprized when I aſſure you, that I have a great variety of the fineſt prints and paintings, and am maſter of a more curious ſet of nick-nacks than are to be found in Sir Hans Sloane's Collection. For as I conſtantly ſurvey the windows of every printſhop, and attend every auction, I look upon every curioſity as actually in my poſſeſſion; and you will agree with me, that while I have the opportunity of ſeeing them, the real owners cannot have more ſatisfaction in locking them up in Cabinets and M[illegible].

It is recorded of Democritus, that he tranſcribed a ſyſtem of ethics from the volumes of Acicarus in Bablylonia. In like manner you will conclude, that the knowledge which I have thus picked out of the ſtreets has been very extenſive: I have gone through a compleat courſe of phyſic by peruſing the learned treatiſe of Dr. Rock and other eminent practitioners, paſted up at the entrance of allies and bye-places: I have learned at every corner, that the ſcurvy is a popular diſeaſe—that the bloody-flux cannot be cured by any of the faculty, except the gentlewoman at the Blue Poſts in Haydon Yard—that nervous diſeaſes were never ſo frequent—and that the royal family and moſt of our nobility are troubled with corns. I was compleatly grounded in politics by ſtopping at Temple Bar every morning to read the Gazetteer, which uſed to be ſtuck up there to the great emolument of the hackney-coachmen upon their ſtands. But above all, I have acquired the moſt ſublime notions of religion, by liſtening attentively to the ſpirited harangues of our moſt eminent field-preachers: and I confeſs myſelf highly obliged to the itinerant miſſionaries of Whitefield, Weſley, and Zinzendorf, who have inſtructed us in the New Light from empty barrels and joint ſtools. Next to theſe, I have received great improvements from the vociferous retailers of poetry; as I conſtantly uſed to thruſt myſelf into the circle gathered round them, and liſten to their ditties, till I could carry away both the words and the tune. I have likewiſe got ſome notion of the drama by attending the theatres; though my finances were too ſcanty for me ever to get admittance even among the gods in the upper regions of the twelve-penny gallery. I therefore had recourſe to the following practice; I would contrive to hear one act at the outſide of one of the pit doors: the next act I took my ſtand at the other: and as the author generally riſes in the middle, I could catch the moſt tearing parts during the third act in the paſſage to the two-ſhilling gallery: in the fourth act the rants came tolerably loud to my ear at the entrance of the upper gallery; and I very attentively liſtened to the pathetic, at the concluſion of the play, with the footmen in the lobby.

Endowed with ſo much learning, you will doubtleſs be curious to know to what purpoſes I have turned it. Almoſt before I could read at all, I got in[illegible] the ſervice of a very eminent doctor of phyſic,

ſic, who employed me in ſticking up his bills, and ſlipping them ſlily into the hands of ſpindle-ſhanked young fellows, as they paſſed by. After this, by cloſely ſtudying theſe elegant compoſitions, I got together a ſufficient ſet of medical phraſes, which (by the help of Bayley's Dictionary) enabled me to draw up bills and affidavits for thoſe doctors who were not ſo happy as to be able to write or read. I was next promoted to the garret of a printer of bloody murders, where my buſineſs was to invent terrible ſtories, write Yorkſhire tragedies, and occaſionally to put the ordinary of Newgate's Account of Dying Speeches into lamentable rhyme. I was afterwards concerned in works that required a greater fund of erudition, ſuch as boghouſe miſcellanies, and little books for children: and I was once engaged as the principal compiler of a three-halfpenny magazine. Since that I followed the occupation of an Eves-dropper, or collector of news for the daily papers; in which I turned a good penny by hunting after marriages and deaths, and inventing lyes for the day. Once, indeed, being out of other buſineſs, I deſcended to the mean office of a ballad-ſinger, and hawked my own verſes; but not having a good ear for muſic, and the tone of my voice being rather inclined to whining, I converted my ballads into penitential hymns, and took up the vocation of Methodiſt Preacher. In this ſtation I made new converts every day among the old women by my ſighs and groans, who in return contributed their halfpence, which I diſpoſed of in charity to myſelf: but I was at laſt beat off the field by a journeyman ſhoe-maker, who fairly out-whined me; and finding myſelf deſerted by my uſual audience, I became Setter to a Fleet Parſon.

My employment now was to take my ſtand at the end of Fleet Market, and whenever I ſaw any gaping young couple ſtaring about them, to whiſper them ſoftly in the ear, and aſk them whether they wanted to be married. Whenever the ceremony was performed, I officiated as clerk and father to give away the bride: and when my maſter the doctor died, I made a ſhift to purchaſe his entire ſtock in trade—conſiſting of a ruſty caſſock, an old grizzle wig, and one lappet of a band—and ſucceeded him in his benefice of the Hand-and-Pen Chapel. I now got a more comfortable ſubſiſtence than many regularly ordained curates in the country: but the Marriage-act ſoon after taking place, I was flung out of employ; and as the primate of May Fair, the reverend Dr. Keith, is forced to ſell ſnuff in the Fleet Priſon, I have been obliged to retail gin in a night-cellar.

Thus, Mr. Town, have I ſet before you the progreſs I have made in literature, as well as the particular circumſtances of my life, in hopes they will induce you to recommend me to the notice of the public. As the parliament has not thought fit to make any proviſion for the poor diſtreſſed Clergy of the Fleet, I intend to open a New Oratory-Chapel in Fleet Market, to be conducted on the ſame principles with that eſtabliſhed in Clare Market; and for which I flatter myſelf I ſhall appear no leſs qualified by my education than the renowned Henley, or any of his butchers. I ſhall, therefore, beg leave to ſubſcribe myſelf, hoping for your countenance and protection, your very humble ſervant,

T ORATOR HIGGINS.

Nº LXXXVII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1755.

QUID DIGNUM TANTO TIBI VENTRE GULAQUE PRECABOR?

MART.

SO WIDE A SWALLOW, AND SO VAST A PAUNCH,
SAY WHAT SHALL CRAM? A TURBOT OR AN HAUNCH?

EATING and drinking being abſolutely requiſite to keep our crazy frames together, we are obliged to attend to the calls of nature, and ſatisfy the regular cravings of the appetite: though it is, in truth, but a very ſmall part of the world that eat becauſe they are hungry, or drink becauſe they are dry. The common day-labourer may, indeed, be glad to ſnatch an haſty meal with his wife and children, that he might have ſtrength to return to his work; and the porter finds it neceſſary to refreſh himſelf with a full pot of entire butt, while he

he rests his load upon the bulk at the ale-house door. But those who have more leisure to study what they shall eat and drink, require something more in their food than what is barely wholesome or necessary; their palates must be gratified with rich sauces and high-seasoned delicacies; and they frequently have recourse to whetters and provocatives, to anticipate the call of hunger, and to enable their stomachs to bear the load they lay on it. There are a sort of men whose chief pride is a good taste (as they call it) and a great stomach: and the whole business of their lives is included in their breakfast, dinner, and supper. These people, of whatever rank and denomination, whether they regale on turtle, or devour shoulders of mutton and peck-loaves for wagers, whether a duke at White's, or a chairman at the Blue Posts, are certainly of the number of those 'whom nature,' as Sallust tells us, 'has made like the 'brutes, obedient to their bellies;' and, indeed, partake in some measure of the sentence passed on the Serpent, 'to be 'cursed above all cattle, and to go for 'ever on their bellies.'

There are many vices and follies which men endeavour to hide from the rest of the world: but this, above all others, they take a pride in proclaiming; and seem to run about with the cap and bells, as if they were ambitious to be ranked among the sons of Folly. Indeed, as the politeness of the French language has distinguished every glutton by the title of *Bon Vivant*, and the courtesy of our own has honoured their beastly gluttony by the name of *Good Living*, the epicure thinks to eat and drink himself into your good opinion, and recommend himself to your esteem by an exquisite bill of fare. However this may be, it is remarkable, that as the fox-hunter takes delight in relating the incidents of the chace, and kills the fox again over a bowl of punch at night, so the *Bon Vivant* enjoys giving an account of a delicious dinner, and chews the cud of reflection on his exquisite entertainment.

I have been led into these thoughts by an acquaintance which I have lately made with a person whose whole conversation is, literally speaking, *Table-talk*. His brain seems to be stuffed with an hodge-podge of ideas, consisting of several dishes, which he is perpetually serving up for the entertainment of the company. As it was said of Longinus, that he was a Walking Library, in the same manner I consider this gentleman as a Walking Larder: and as the orations of Demosthenes were said to smell of the lamp, so my friends whole conversation savours of the kitchen. He even makes use of his stomach as an artificial memory; and recollects every place he has been at, and every person he has seen, by some circumstances relating to the entertainment he met with. If he calls to mind a particular inn, he adds, 'for there the cook spoiled a fine 'turbot.' Another house is recollected, 'because the parson took all the fat of 'the haunch of venison:' he remembers a gentleman you mention, 'because he 'had the smallest stomach he ever knew;' or one lady, 'because she drank a 'great deal of wine at supper;' and another, 'because she had the best receipt 'for making her pickled cucumbers 'look green.'

His passion for eating also influences all his actions, diversions, and studies. He is fond of hare-hunting, as he says his pursuit is animated by the hopes of seeing puss smoking on the table; but he wonders how any man can venture his neck in a chace after a fox, which, when it is got, is not worth eating. He has had occasion, on account of the disorders which his ruling passion has brought upon him, to visit the several Wells in the kingdom: but these he considers, not as places where persons go to drink the waters, but where they go to eat: and in this light he gives a character of them all. 'Bath,' says he, 'is one of the best markets in the world; at 'Tunbridge you have fine mutton, and 'most exquisite wheat-ears: but at Chel-'tenham, pox take the place, you have no-'thing but cow-beef, red veal, and white 'bacon.' He looks upon every part of England in the same light; and would as soon go to Cheshire for butter, and Suffolk for cheese, as miss eating what each particular town or county is famous for having the most excellent in it's kind. He does not grudge to ride twenty miles to dine on a favourite dish: and it was but last week that he appointed a friend in Buckinghamshire to meet him at Uxbridge, 'which,' says he in his letter, 'is 'the best place we can settle our busi-'ness at, on account of those excellent 'rolls we may have for breakfast, and

'the delicious trout we are ſure to have 'at dinner.'

Mr. Cramwell, for that is his name, is ſo unfortunate as to want a purſe adequate to his taſte; ſo that he is obliged to have recourſe to ſeveral artifices to gratify his appetite. For this purpoſe he has with great pains conſtituted a Club, conſiſting of perſons moſt likely to promote *Good Living*. This ſociety is compoſed of members who are all of ſome trade that can furniſh it with proviſions, except one country ſquire, who ſupplies it with game; and they are obliged to ſend in the beſt of whatever their trade deals in, at prime coſt: by which wiſe management the Club is ſupplied with every delicacy the ſeaſon affords, at the moſt reaſonable rates. Mr. Cramwell, on account of his extraordinary proficiency in the ſcience of Eating, is honoured with the office of perpetual Caterer: and he has arrived to ſuch a pitch of accuracy in the calculation of what is ſufficient, that he ſeems to gage the ſtomachs of the Club, as an excifeman does a caſk; ſo that, when all the members are preſent, they ſeldom ſend away three ounces of meat from the table. Upon any vacancy, much care and deliberation is uſed in electing a new member. A candidate's being able to devour a whole turkey with an equal proportion of chine, or eat one haunch of veniſon, with the fat of another as ſauce to it, would be no recommendation: on the contrary, there never was more caution uſed at the death of a Pope, to elect a ſucceſſor who appears the moſt likely to be ſhort-lived, than by this Society of Epicurean hogs, to admit nobody of a ſtomach ſuperior to their own. A Captain of a ſhip trading to the Weſt Indies has been admitted an honorary member, having contracted to bring over, as a preſent to them, a cargo of turtle every voyage; and a few days ago I met Cramwell in prodigious high ſpirits, when he told me, that he was the happieſt man in the world. 'Now,' ſays he, 'we ſhall 'have Ortolans as plenty as pigeons; 'for it was but yeſterday that we ballotted into our ſociety one of the Flanderkin Bird merchants.'

This aſſociation for the preſervation of elegant fare gratifies my friend Cramwell's luxury at a cheap rate; and that he may make as many good meals as poſſible, he often contrives to introduce himſelf to the tables of perſons of quality. This he effects by ſending my lord or her ladyſhip a preſent of a Bath Cheeſe, or a Ruff or Land-rail from his friends in Lincolnſhire or Somerſetſhire; which ſeldom fails to procure him an invitation to dinner. He then plays his part as luſtily as if he had kept Lent, or were not to make a dinner again for a fortnight. He never ſuffers the ſmalleſt ſide-diſh to eſcape him: for one is ſo exceeding good; another looks ſo tempting; another is ſo great a rarity; and though he declares he cannot touch a bit more, he will make a ſhift to find room for this or that dainty, becauſe he never taſted it in his life. Wherever he goes, he always takes care to ſecure to himſelf the beſt ſhare of every nicer diſh, without the leaſt regard to the reſt of the company: he will help himſelf to a whole bird, though there are but a brace; and for fear any tid-bit ſhould be ſnapped up before him, he ſnatches at it as greedily as an hungry Frenchman at an ordinary. It once happened, that dining with an Alderman, his appetite ſo far got the better of his good-breeding, that he ſhaved off all the outſide of a plumb-pudding; and he has ever ſince been talked of in the city by the name of Skin-pudding.

As all his joy and miſery conſtantly ariſes from his belly, he thinks it is the ſame with others; and I heard him aſk a perfect ſtranger to him, who complained that he was ſick, whether he had over-eat himſelf. It is no wonder that Cramwell ſhould be ſometimes troubled with the gout: I called upon him the other morning, and found him with his legs wrapped up in flannel, and a book lying open before him upon the table. On aſking him what he was reading, he told me he was *taking phyſic*; and on enquiring whoſe advice he had—'Oh,' ſays he, 'nobody can do me ſo much 'good as Mrs. Hannah Glaſſe. I am 'here going through a courſe of her Art 'of Cookery, in hopes to get a ſtomach; 'for indeed, my dear friend,' added he, with tears in his eyes, 'my appe-'tite is quite gone; and I am ſure I 'ſhall die if I do not find ſomething in 'this book which I think I can eat.'

Nº LXXXVIII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1755.

——FUIT HAUD IGNOBILIS ARGIS,
QUI SE CREDEBAT MIROS AUDIRE TRAGOEDOS,
IN VACUO LÆTUS SESSOR PLAUSORQUE THEATRO.
HIC UBI COGNATORUM OPIBUS CURISQUE REFECTUS
EXPULIT HELLEBORO MORBUM BILEMQUE MERACO,
ET REDIT AD SESE;—POL ME OCCIDISTIS, AMICI,
NON SERVASTIS, AIT; CUI SIC EXTORTA VOLUPTAS,
ET DEMPTUS PER VIM MENTIS GRATISSIMUS ERROR.

HOR.

A WIGHT THERE WAS, WHOSE MAD DISTEMPER'D BRAIN
CONVEY'D HIM EV'RY NIGHT TO DRURY LANE:
PLEAS'D AND TRANSPORTED IN TH' IDEAL PIT
AT FANCIED TRAGEDIES HE SEEM'D TO SIT.
NOW TO HIS WITS BY SAGE MONRO RESTOR'D,
NO THANKS, BUT CURSES ON HIS FRIENDS HE POUR'D.
'YE FOOLS!' HE CRY'D, 'THE DEAR DELUSION LOST,
'MY PLEASURE FLED, YOU'VE CUR'D ME TO MY COST:
'SEIZ'D WITH SUCH WHIMS, WITH PHRENZY SO DIVERTING,
'CRUEL! TO CLOSE THE SCENE, AND DROP THE CURTAIN.'

HORACE, in the paſſage quoted at the head of my paper, tells us (after Ariſtotle) of a man who uſed to ſit in the empty theatre, and fancy that he ſaw real exhibitions on the ſtage. We have the like account, in another ancient author, of a perſon that uſed to wait with great ſolicitude the coming of ſhips into the harbour, believing them to be his own property. The end of theſe madmen was alſo ſimilar: they were both cured; and both complained, that they were deprived of the ſatisfaction which they before enjoyed from a pleaſing error of their minds.

That the happineſs and miſery of the far greater part of mankind depends upon the fancy, need not be inſiſted on: 'Crede quod habes, et habes—Think 'that you have, and you have,' is a maxim not confined to thoſe only within the walls of Bedlam. I remember an humouriſt, who would frequently divert himſelf in the ſame manner with the madmen above-mentioned, and ſupply his real wants by the force of his imagination. He would go round the markets, and ſuppoſe himſelf to be cheapening the moſt dainty proviſions; and when he came home to his ſcanty meal, by the ſame ideal contrivance he would convert his trotters into turbot, and his ſmall beer into the moſt delicious Burgundy. As he was a barber by trade, he would put on the air and manners of his cuſtomers while he combed out their wigs: with every bag he would conceive himſelf going to court or an aſſembly; and once, when he was ſick, he got together three or four of the largeſt tyes, placed them upon blocks round his bedſide, and called them a conſultation of phyſicians.

But of all others, there are none, perhaps, who are more obliged to the imagination for their ideal happineſs, than the fraternity of which I am an unworthy member. There is no ſet of people who are more ambitious to appear grand in the world, and yet have leſs means, than thoſe gentlemen whom the world has ſtiled Authors. Wit and pride as often go hand in hand together, as wit and poverty: but though the generality of writers are by the frowns of fortune debarred from poſſeſſing a profuſe ſhare of the good things of this world, they are abundantly recompenſed by enjoying them in ſpeculation. They indulge in golden dreams, at the time that they have not ſixpence in their pockets; and conjure up all the luxuries of Pontac's before them, though they are at a loſs perhaps where to get a dinner. Thus a critic, by a kind of magic, will tranſport himſelf to the theatres in an imaginary chariot, and be ſeated at once in the front-boxes; when in reality he has waited for two hours in Vinegar Yard before the opening of the doors, to ſecure to himſelf a corner in the twelve-penny gallery. Hence it alſo happens

to

to moſt Authors, that though their way of life be ever ſo mean, their writings ſavour of the moſt unbounded magnificence; and as they have nothing to beſtow, a moſt ſurpriſing generoſity always accompanies every action of the quill. A Noveliſt, for example, is remarkably laviſh of his caſh on all occaſions; and ſpares no expences in carrying on the deſigns of his perſonages through ever ſo many volumes. Nothing, indeed, is more eaſy than to be very profuſe upon paper: an author, when he is about it, may erect his airy caſtles to what height he pleaſes, and with the wave of his pen may command the mines of Peru: and as he deals about his money without once untying his purſe-ſtrings, it will coſt him the ſame whether he throws away a mite or a million; and another dip of ink, by the addition of two or three *gratis* cyphers, may in an inſtant convert a ſingle ten into as many thouſands.

But it muſt be confeſſed, that we Eſſay-writers, as we are the greateſt Egotiſts, are conſequently moſt vain and oſtentatious. As we frequently find occaſion to prate about ourſelves, we take abundant care to put the reader conſtantly in mind of our importance. It is very well known, that we keep the beſt company, are preſent at the moſt expenſive places of diverſion, and can talk as familiarly of White's, as if we had been admitted to the honour of loſing an eſtate there. Though the neceſſaries, as well as the luxuries of life, may perhaps be denied us, we readily make up for the want of them by the creative power of the imagination. Thus, for inſtance, I remember a brother Eſſayiſt, who took a particular pride in dating his lucubrations—'From my 'own Apartment;' which he repreſented as abounding with every convenience; though at the ſame time he was working three ſtories from the ground, and was often forced, for want of other paper, to ſcribble upon wrappers of tobacco. As to myſelf, I make no doubt but the reader has long ago diſcovered, without my telling him, that I loll at my eaſe in a crimſon velvet chair, reſt my elbow on the poliſhed ſurface of a mahogany table, write my eſſays upon gilt paper, and dip my pen into a ſilver ſtandiſh.

Indeed, though I have taken upon me the title of Connoiſſeur, I ſhall not preſume to boaſt, that I am poſſeſſed of a Muſæum, like Sloane's, or a Library equal to Mead's. But as Pliny, and after him our countryman Mr. Pope, have left us a deſcription of their elegant Villas, I hope it will not be thought arrogance in me, after what I have ſaid, if I ſet before the reader an account of my own Study. This is a little edifice ſituated at ſome diſtance from the reſt of the houſe, for the ſake of privacy and retirement. It is an ancient pile of building, and hangs over a ſmall rivulet; and as the entrance into it is ſhaded by a thick hedge of evergreens, which caſt a kind of awful gloom about it, ſome learned Antiquarians have been led to conjecture, that it was formerly a Temple, or rather Chapel of Eaſe, dedicated to one of the heathen Goddeſſes. This Goddeſs, they inform me, was worſhipped by the Romans, and was probably held in no leſs veneration by the Ægyptians, Chaldees, Syrians, and other nations. However this be, the walls on the inſide are decorated with various inſcriptions alluding to the religious rites performed there, and hung round with the rude rhymes of ancient bards.

To this Study I retire conſtantly every morning after breakfaſt, and at other parts of the day, as occaſion calls. Here I am at liberty to indulge my meditations uninterrupted, as I ſuffer no one to break in upon my privacy: and (what will perhaps ſurpriſe my readers) I find in myſelf the greateſt inclination to viſit it after an hearty meal. In this place I made a very rapid progreſs in literature, and have gone through ſeveral very learned volumes, which otherwiſe I ſhould never have looked into. I have here travelled leaf by leaf through the works of many worthy, but neglected ancient divines, critics, and politicians; and have turned over many a modern pamphlet or poem with equal ſatisfaction. I muſt not forget to mention, that (like the ſcrupulous Mahometans) I have often picked up the fragments of ſeveral learned writers, which have come from the chandlers, and lodged them among others no leſs valuable, in my Study.

I may ſafely boaſt, that I am indebted for many of my beſt thoughts in the courſe of theſe papers, to the reflections

I have

I have had the leiſure to make in this Study; which probably has the ſame influence on my mind, as the ſtew'd prunes had upon Bayes, which he tells us he always took when he wrote. But if my Study ſerves to inſpire me ſometimes with agreeable ideas, it never fails on the other hand to remind me of the mortality of writers; as it affords repeated proofs, that we may juſtly ſay of our works, as well as of ourſelves—

Seriùs aut citiùs Sedem properamus ad unam.
OVID.

O lamentable chance! to one vile Seat,
Sooner or later, we muſt all retreat!

T

N° LXXXIX. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1755.

LUGETE, O VENERES CUPIDINESQUE,
ET QUANTUM EST HOMINUM VENUSTIORUM!
PASSER MORTUUS EST MEÆ PUELLÆ;
PASSER DELICIÆ MEÆ PUELLÆ;
QUEM PLUS ILLA OCULIS SUIS AMABAT.
CATUL.

WEEP, YE BELLES, YE BEAUX DEPLORE!
PRETTY, PRETTY POLL'S NO MORE!
POLL, THE DEAR DELIGHT, THE FANCY,
POLL, THE DARLING OF MY NANCY!
PRETTY POLL, WHOM SHE DID LOVE,
'BOVE HER EYES, O FAR ABOVE.

GOING the other day to viſit Mrs. Penelope Doat, after I had waited ſome time in the parlour, the maid returned with her miſtreſs's compliments, and informed me, that as ſhe was extremely buſy, ſhe begged to be excuſed coming down to me, but that ſhe would be very glad to ſee me in the *Nurſery*. As I knew ſhe was a maiden lady, I was a good deal ſtartled at the meſſage: but however I followed the ſervant up ſtairs to her miſtreſs; whom I found combing a little ſpotted dog that lay in her lap, with a grey parrot perched on one arm of the ſettee where ſhe ſat, a monkey on the back, and a tabby cat with half a dozen kittens on the other corner of it. The whole room, which was a very large one, was indeed a nurſery for all kinds of animals, except thoſe of the human ſpecies. It was hung every where with cages, containing parrots, mackaws, Canary birds, nightingales, linnets, and goldfinches; on the chairs were ſeveral cats repoſing on ſoft cuſhions; and there were little kennels in the Chineſe taſte, in almoſt every corner of the room, filled with pugs, Fidos, and King Charles's breed. As ſoon as the chattering of the birds, the barking of the dogs, and the mewing of the cats, which my entrance occaſioned, began to ceaſe,—'You find 'me here, Sir,' ſaid the lady, 'tending my little family, the only joy of 'my life. Here's a dear pretty crea'ture!' holding up the dog ſhe was combing, 'a beauty! what a fine long'eared ſnub-noſed beauty! Lady Faddle 'advertiſed three quarters of a year, and 'could not get the fellow to it. Ah, 'bleſs it, and love it, ſweet ſoul!'—And then ſhe ſtroaked it, and kiſſed it for near two minutes, uttering the whole time all thoſe inarticulate ſounds, which cannot be committed to paper, and which are only addreſſed to dogs, cats, and children, and may be ſtiled the Language of the Nurſery. Upon obſerving me ſmile at the embraces ſhe beſtowed on her little motley darling—'I am afraid,' ſaid ſhe, 'you don't love theſe pretty 'creatures. How can you be ſo cruel? 'Poor *dumb* things! I would not have 'them hurt for all the world. Nor do I 'ſee why a lady ſhould not indulge her'ſelf in having ſuch ſweet little com'pany about her, as well as you men 'run out eſtates in keeping a pack of 'filthy hounds.' Then ſhe laid Pompey on his cuſhion by the fire-ſide; and railed at the barbarity of the human ſpecies to the reſt of the creation, and entered into a long diſſertation on tenderneſs and humanity.

An humane diſpoſition is indeed ſo amiable, either in man or woman, that it

it ought always to be cheriſhed and kept alive in our boſoms; but at the ſame time we ſhould be cautious not to render the firſt virtue of our nature ridiculous. The moſt compaſſionate temper may be ſufficiently gratified by relieving the wretches of our own ſpecies: but who would ever boaſt of their generoſity to a lap-dog, and their conferring eternal obligations on a monkey? Or would any lady deſerve to be celebrated for her charity, who ſhould deny ſupport to a relation or a friend, becauſe ſhe maintains a litter of kittens? For my part, before I would treat a Dutch puppy with ſuch abſurd fondneſs, I muſt be brought to worſhip dogs, as the Ægyptians did of old; and ere I would ſo extravagantly doat upon a monkey, I would (as Iago ſays on a different occaſion) 'exchange my 'humanity with a baboon.'

Yet there have been many inſtances, beſides my female friend, of this fondneſs for the brute creation being carried to very ridiculous lengths. The grave doctors of the faculty have been called in to feel the pulſe of a lap-dog, and inſpect the urine of a ſquirrel: nay, I am myſelf acquainted with a lady, who carried this matter ſo far, as to diſcharge her chaplain becauſe he refuſed to bury her monkey. But the moſt ſolemn piece of mummery on theſe occaſions is the making proviſions for theſe animals by will; which abſurd legacies as little deſerve the title to humanity, as thoſe people merit being called charitable, who in a death-bed fright ſtarve their relations, by leaving their eſtates to found an hoſpital. It were indeed to be wiſhed, that money left in truſt for ſuch uſes were ſubject to ſome ſtatute of Mortmain; or at leaſt that the gentlemen of the long robe would contrive ſome ſcheme to cut off the entail from monkeys, mackaws, Italian greyhounds, and tabby cats.

That a ſtage-coachman ſhould love his cattle better than his wife or children, or a country ſquire be fond of his hounds and hunters, is not ſo ſurpriſing, becauſe the reaſon of their regard for them is eaſily accounted for: and a ſea-captain has, upon the ſame principles, been known to contract an affection for his ſhip. Yet no coachman would, like Caligula, tie his horſes to a golden rack; but thinks he ſhews ſufficient kindneſs by giving them a good feed and clean ſtraw: and the country ſportſman takes care to provide his hounds with a warm kennel and horſe-fleſh; but would never think of placing them on cuſhions before the fire, and cramming them with fricaſſees, or breed them with as much care as the heir to his eſtate.

This irregular paſſion (if I may ſo call it) is moſt frequently to be met with among the ladies. How often has the ſlighted gallant envied the careſſes given to a lap-dog, or kiſſes beſtowed on a ſquirrel! and 'I would I were thy 'bird!' has been the fond exclamation of many a Romeo. But it is remarkable, that this affection for birds and beaſts generally wears off after marriage, and that the ladies diſcard their four-footed darlings and feathered favourites when they can beſtow their endearments on a huſband. Wherefore, theſe dry-nurſes to pugs and grimalkins are moſtly to be met with among thoſe females who have been diſappointed in the affairs of love, and have againſt their will retained the flower of virginity till it has withered in their poſſeſſion. It often happens that there is ſome kind of analogy between the gallant they once loved, and the animal on which they afterwards fix their affections: and I remember an inſtance of a lady's paſſion for a lawyer being converted into a dotage on a parrot; and have an old maiden aunt who once languiſhed for a beau, whoſe heart is now devoted to a monkey.

But I ſhould not ſo much quarrel with theſe humane ladies, who chuſe to ſettle their affections on the brute ſpecies, if their love for theſe pretty creatures was not troubleſome to others who are not ſo ſenſible of the charms of a ſnub noſe, or cannot diſcover any beauty in the grey eyes of a cat. A doating mother would never forgive you, if you did not call her brat a fine child, and dandle it about and prattle with it, with as much ſeeming rapture as herſelf: in like manner, a lady would take it as an affront to her own perſon, if you did not pay your addreſſes equally to her pug or ptroquet. I know a young fellow that was cut off with a ſhilling by an old maiden aunt, on whom he had great dependance, becauſe he gave poor Veny a kick, only for lifting up his leg againſt the gentleman's ſtocking: and I have heard of another who might have carried off a very rich widow, but that he could not prevail upon himſelf to extend his careſſes to her dormouſe. Indeed, I cannot

not help thinking, that the embraces and endearments beſtowed on theſe rivals of the human ſpecies ſhould be as private as the moſt ſecret intrigues; and I would have lap-dogs, like fretful and squalling children, confined to bark and growl only in the nurſery. We may often ſee a footman following his lady to church with a large common-prayer-book under one arm, and a ſnarling cur under the other. I have known a grave divine forced to ſtop ſhort in the middle of a prayer, while the whole congregation has been raiſed from their knees to attend to the howling of a non-conforming pug: and I once ſaw a tragedy monarch diſturbed in his laſt moments, as he lay expiring on the carpet, by a diſcerning critic of King Charles's black breed, who jumped out of the ſtage-box, and faſtening upon the hero's periwig, brought it off in his mouth, and lodged it in his lady's lap.

It will not appear ſtrange, after what has been ſaid, that theſe ladies, or lady-like gentlemen, ſhould be as ſolicitous to preſerve the breed of their favourite animals, as a ſportſman of his hounds and horſes. I have known a gentleman in St. James's Street ſend his little Cupid in a ſedan chair as far as Groſvenor Square, to wait upon a lady's Veny for this very purpoſe: and I ſhall never forget a Card which was ſent to another lady on a like occaſion, expreſſed in the following terms. 'Mr. ——'s compliments to Lady Betty ——, is glad to hear Miſs Chloe is ſafely delivered, and begs it as a particular favour, that her ladyſhip would be pleaſed to *ſet him down for a puppy*.'

O

Nº XC. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1755.

——EGO NEC STUDIAM SINE DIVITE VENA,
NEC RUDE QUID PROSIT, VIDEO INGENIUM.——
HOR.

AH, WHAT CAN APPLICATION DO,
UNLESS WE HAVE A GENIUS TOO?
OR GENIUS HOW HAVE CULTIVATION,
WITHOUT DUE PAINS AND APPLICATION?

IF we conſider that part of our acquaintance, whom we remember from their infancy, we ſhall find, that the expectations we once entertained of their future abilities are in many inſtances diſappointed. Thoſe who were accounted heavy dull boys, have by diligence and application made their way to the firſt honours, and become eminent for their learning and knowledge of the world; while others, who were regarded as bright lads, and imagined to poſſeſs parts equal to any ſcheme of life, have turned out diſſolute and ignorant; and quite unworthy the title of a Genius, except in the modern acceptation of the word, by which it ſignifies a very ſilly young fellow, who from his extravagance and debauchery has obtained the name of a Genius, lik *lucus a non lucendo*, becauſe he had no Genius at all.

It is a ſhocking drawback from a father's happineſs, when he ſees his ſon bleſſed with ſtrong natural parts and quick conception, to reflect that theſe very talents may be his ruin. If vanity once gets into his head, and gives it a wrong turn, the young coxcomb will neglect the means of improvement, truſt entirely to his native abilities, and be as ridiculouſly proud of his parts, as the brats of quality are taught to be of their family. In the mean time thoſe, whom nature threw far behind him, are by Application enabled to leave him at a diſtance in their turn; and he continues boaſting of his Genius, till it ſubſiſts no longer, but dies for want of cultivation. Thus vanity and indolence prevent his improvement; and if he is to riſe in the world by his merit, take away the means of ſucceſs, and perhaps reduce him to very miſerable diſtreſſes. I know one of theſe early Geniuſes, who ſcarce ſupports himſelf by writing for a bookſeller; and another, who is at leiſure to contemplate his extraordinary parts in the Fleet Priſon.

If we look into the world, we ſhall find that the mere Genius will never raiſe himſelf to any degree of eminence without a cloſe and unwearied applica-

tion to his reſpective buſineſs or profeſſion. The Inns of Court are full of theſe men of parts, who cannot bear the drudgery of turning over dry Caſes and Reports; but, though they appear ever ſo eloquent in taverns and coffee-houſes, not the neareſt relation will truſt them with a Brief; and many a ſprightly phyſician has walked on foot all his life, with no more knowledge of his profeſſion than what lies in his periwig. For whatever opinion they themſelves may have of their own parts, other perſons do not chuſe to be bantered out of their eſtates, or joked out of their lives: and even in trade, the plodding men of the Alley would foretel the bankruptcy of any wit, who ſhould laugh at the labour of Accounts, or deſpiſe the Italian Method of Book-keeping. Thus we ſee, that parts alone are not ſufficient to recommend us to the good opinion of the world; and if not rouſed and called forth by ſtudy and application, they would become torpid and uſeleſs: as the race-horſe, though not put to drag a dray or carry a pack, muſt yet be kept in exerciſe. But I ſhall enlarge no further on this ſubject, as I would not anticipate the thoughts contained in the following elegant little fable; which is written by the ſame ingenious hand that obliged the public with the Verſes on Imitation, inſerted in my ſixty-ſeventh number.

THE

HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

GENIUS, bleſt term of meaning wide!
(For ſure no term ſo miſapply'd)
How many bear the ſacred name,
That never felt a real flame!
Proud of the ſpecious appellation,
Thus fools have chriſten'd Inclination.

But yet ſuppoſe a Genius true;
Exempli gratiâ, me or you.
Whate'er he tries with due intention,
Rarely eſcapes his apprehenſion;
Surmounting ev'ry oppoſition,
You'd ſwear he learnt by intuition.
Should he preſume alone on parts,
And ſtudy therefore but by ſtarts?
Sure of ſucceſs whene'er he tries,
Should he forego the means to riſe?

Suppoſe your watch a Graham make,
Gold if you will, for value ſake;
It's ſprings within in order due,
No watch, when going, goes ſo true:
If ne'er wound up with proper care,
What ſervice is it in the wear?

'Some genial ſpark of Phœbus' rays
Perhaps within our boſom plays.
O how the purer rays aſpire,
If Application fans the fire!
Without it Genius vainly tries,
Howe'er ſometimes it ſeems to riſe:
Nay, Application will prevail,
When braggart parts and Genius fail.
And now, to lay my proof before ye,
I here preſent you with a ſtory.

In days of yore, when Time was young,
When birds convers'd, as well as ſung,
And uſe of ſpeech was not confin'd
Merely to brutes of human kind;
A forward Hare, of ſwiftneſs vain,
The Genius of the neighb'ring plain,
Would oft deride the drudging crowd:
For Geniuſes are ever proud.
His flight, he'd boaſt, 'twere vain to follow,
For horſe and dog, he'd beat them *hollow*.
Nay, if he put forth all his ſtrength,
Outſtript his brethren *half a length*.

A Tortoiſe heard his vain oration,
And vented thus his indignation—
'O Puſs! it bodes thee dire diſgrace,
'When I defy thee to the race.
'Come, 'tis a match—nay, no denial,
'I lay my ſhell upon the trial.'

'Twas done and done—all fair—a bet—
Judges prepar'd, and diſtance ſet.
The ſcamp'ring Hare outſtripp'd the wind,
The creeping Tortoiſe lagg'd behind,
And ſcarce had paſs'd a ſingle pole,
When Puſs had almoſt reach'd the goal.
'Friend Tortoiſe,' cries the jeering Hare,
'Your burthen's more than you can bear:
'To help your ſpeed, it were as well
'That I ſhould eaſe you of your ſhell.
'Jog on a little faſter, pr'ythee,
'I'll take a nap, and then be with thee.'
So ſaid, ſo done—and ſafely ſure;
For ſay, what conqueſt more ſecure?
Whene'er he wak'd, (that's all that's in it)
He could o'ertake him in a minute.

The Tortoiſe heard the taunting jeer,
But ſtill reſolv'd to *perſevere*;
Still drawl'd along, as who ſhould ſay,
I win, like Fabius, by delay:
On to the goal ſecurely crept;
While Puſs unknowing ſoundly ſlept.

The bets are won, the Hare awake,
When thus the victor Tortoiſe ſpake:
'Puſs, though I own thy quicker parts,
'Things are not always won by ſtarts:
'You may deride my awkward pace,
'But ſlow and ſteady wins the race.'

Nº XCI. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1755.

OMNIA CASTOR EMIT; SIC FIET UT OMNIA VENDET.
MART.

SUCH BARGAINS PURCHAS'D BY HIS DEAR,
HER TASTE AT AUCTIONS SHEWING,
HIMSELF MUST TURN AN AUCTIONEER—
'A GOING, A GOING, A GOING.'

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I Am married to a woman of the moſt notable diſpoſition, who values herſelf upon going the neareſt way to work in every thing, and laying out her money to more advantage than any body elſe. But her œconomy is ſo ſtrangely expenſive, and her ſavings attended with ſuch ridiculous extravagance, that ſhe has almoſt undone me by her frugality.

In the firſt place, my wife is particularly proud of being an excellent *Market-woman.* She underſtands this buſineſs ſo well, it ſeems, that ſhe buys every thing better of it's ſort, and at a cheaper rate, than any other perſon: for which reaſon ſhe always undertakes it herſelf, and trudges to market with all the notable airs and houſewifely appearance of an old butter-woman. Here ſhe flatters herſelf, that ſhe has the art of *beating down* every thing ſo very low, that ſhe cannot reſiſt the temptation of buying ſuch extraordinary *penny-worths*; and after ſpending the whole morning at twenty different ſhops, and four or five different markets, ſhe comes home with proviſions enough to ſupport the firſt duke's family in the kingdom for a week. Though the natural conſequence of this houſewifery is, that above half her marketings ſtink and grow muſty before we can uſe them; yet ſhe is highly delighted with her management, and entertains all the good ladies of her acquaintance with an account of her œconomy, and the complaints of the tradeſmen, that there was no *dealing* with her, that ſhe is too *hard* for them, and that they ſhall be ruined by *ſelling her ſuch bargains.*

I ſhould tell you, Sir, that ſoon after we were married, my wife over-perſuaded me to take an houſe in the country; and ſhe aſſured me, that we ſhould ſave more than the rent of it, by the advantage of breeding our own poultry, and feeding our own cattle, for the ſupply of our table. I accordingly hired a little box about twenty miles from town, with a piece of ground adjoining to it, and my wife took upon her the whole management of the eſtate; for the ordering of which ſhe had collected together ſo many excellent rules, that ſhe was ſure to ſave *cent. per cent.* in every article. The conſequence of this was, that our chickens, being fed with rye inſtead of barley and wheat, died of the pip; our turkies were crammed with bran and butter-milk, to ſave the expence of corn, and were moſt of them carried off by a looſeneſs; our geeſe were fattened with acorns inſtead of oats, and were as poor as their plucked brethren in the fens of Lincolnſhire. Our hogs coſt us nothing in a manner for their keeping, as they lived upon turnip-parings and cabbage-ſtalks, peaſe and bean-ſhells, ſcalded crab-apples, and bull's blood and liver; in conſequence of which our bacon was rancid, and our pork meaſly. We had two cows for the uſe of our dairy; but the very firſt winter, being fed for cheapneſs with nothing but collart-leaves and chopt ſtraw, they gave no milk for half the year, and at laſt died of the diſtemper among the horned cattle. Even our poor mare, which uſed to run in the chaiſe, fared no better than a miller's horſe, as ſhe was kept chiefly upon bran, and very ſeldom indulged with the luxury of oats and beans; ſo that the poor creature, after a journey ſomewhat harder than uſual, dropt down dead between the ſhafts. We had ſcarce better luck in the management of our garden: for though my wife prided herſelf on her notable ſkill in theſe matters, our fruit-trees could never be brought to bear; and when cucumbers were to be had for a penny a dozen, and peaſe for a groat a peck, we had the pleaſure of gather-

ing them fresh from our own garden, after they had stood us in more than ten times their value in the raising.

Among her other housewifely accomplishments, my wife was possessed of the original receipts of her grandmother for all sorts of Made Wines, which nobody could distinguish from those of a foreign growth. She therefore set about making a large quantity of Port and Claret from elder-berries, and Mountain and Frontiniac from raisins and brown sugar: but when these had been kept to a proper age, and were fit to be drank, we had this only consolation, that they were the best Vinegar that could be used for our pickles. Our October, which she contrived to brew with as much bran as malt, and mugwort instead of hops, grew dead in the casks before it had sufficiently fermented; and when we had bottled it off, it burst above twenty dozen of the bottles, and the remainder was sour. My wife also bought a Still, with it's whole apparatus, that she might make Plague and Hysteric Water for her own use, and give away among her poor neighbours: but at one time the head of the Still flew off, and laid her under the surgeon's hands for three months; and at another, it took fire, and had like to have burnt the house down. To this account I should likewise set down the charge of our apothecary's shop, in preparing ointments for scalds, salves for burns, and other family medicines; in all which I know to my cost, the old saying was inverted, and we *lost* elevenpence out of a shilling.

You must know, Sir, that (besides her domestic œconomy) my provident dear is a most passionate admirer of a *Pennyworth* in any shape; and is one of those prudent good ladies, who will purchase any thing of which they have no need, merely because they can have it a *Bargain*. It would be doing much service to many other poor gentlemen as well as to me, if you could convince these thrifty females, that to purchase useless commodities at any price, can never be good housewifery; and that however nearly they may drive their bargains, there is just so much money flung away as the purchase costs. We have as much linen by us as would set up a piece-broker, which my wife has purchased under prime cost of the Scotch pedlars that came to our door; and I am sure we have cast-off cloaths sufficient to furnish a sale-shop, which she has bought of ladies maids for a mere trifle. She is a frequent customer to pretended smugglers, that slily whisper in your ear, and offer you right India handkerchiefs made at Spital Fields. But above all, she constantly attends the several Auctions of the Stock in Trade of eminent Tradesmen that were never heard of; and the Houshold Furniture, Plate, China, &c. of Baronets and Squires, that never existed but in the brain of the Auctioneer. Here she meets with such excellent *Pennyworths*, that, as my pantry is stored with more provisions than we can dispense with, every room in my house is crammed up with useless beds, tables, chests of drawers, curiosities, peruke-pated beaux, and fine ladies, (beauties of their times) that are good for nothing but to hide the bare walls of a garret. In short, Sir, unless you can prevail with her to forego the wonderful advantages of making such exquisite purchases, as, she says, all the world would jump at, I shall very soon be quite a beggar: for if she goes on at this rate, *buying things for nothing*, as she calls it, I shall shortly have nothing to buy withal.

As these valuable purchases are daily multiplying upon my hands, and as my house is become a repository for the refuse of Sales and Auctions, the only method I can think of at present to get rid of them, is to make an Auction myself. For this purpose I have drawn out a catalogue; and have sent you the following specimen, that by it you may judge of the rest of my curiosities.

CATALOGUE

Of the choice and valuable

EFFECTS OF MR. ****,

Leaving off HOUSEKEEPING.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION.

In the First Day's Sale (among other Particulars equally curious) will be included,

A Whole-sheet Print of King Charles on Horseback, by Mr. Henry Overton, finely coloured.

Mary Queen of Scots, by the same Master, done after the Life, and painted upon Glass, the Right-eye cracked, and the Nose a little scratched.

A Capital

A Capital Picture of Adam and Eve in Croſs-ſtitch.

Noah's Ark, in Tent-ſtitch, it's Companion.

Fair Roſamond's Bower, in Nun's Work, by the ſame Hand.

A lively Repreſentation of Chevy Chaſe, in Lignum Vitæ, Roſe-wood, and Mother of Pearl, curiouſly inlaid.

Several leſſer Pieces of Birds, Beaſts, Fruits, and Flowers, copied from Nature, in coloured Silks, ſtained Feathers, and painted Straw.

Merlin's Cave, in Shell-work; compoſed of above a thouſand beautiful Shells, with a Caſcade of Looking-glaſs playing in the Middle.

A moſt curious Tea-table of rare old Japan; with the Edges broke off, and one of the Legs wanting.

A moſt rare and ineſtimable Collection of right old China; conſiſting of Half a Punch-bowl, Three Parts of a Diſh, Half a Dozen Plates joined together with Wires drilled through their Middles, a Sugar-diſh with a Piece broke off the Side, a Tea-pot without a Spout, another without an Handle, and five odd Cups and Saucers, the Cracks neatly joined with white Paint.

Some large and elegant Jars and Vaſes in *Papier Machee*.

Several Figures of Dogs, Monkeys, Cats, Parrots, Mandarins, and Bramins, of the Chelſea and Bow Manufactory.

To which will be added,

A ſmall, but Well-choſen

COLLECTION

OF

MODERN BOOKS;

CONSISTING OF

POPE's Works, and all our beſt Authors—publiſhed in Ink-ſtands, Tea-cheſts, and Quadrille-boxes for Fiſhes and Counters.

Miſs in her Teens—The Fool in Faſhion—All for Love—The Way to Win Him—She Would if ſhe Could—Much Ado about Nothing—bound together, for the Uſe of the Fair-Sex, in a compleat Set of Dreſſing-boxes.

A new Form of Self Examination—in a Snuff-box with a Looking-glaſs in the Lid of it.

The Spiritual Comfort, or Companion for the Cloſet—in a ſmall Pocket Volume, containing a Bottle of Cordial Water.

The Poſthumous Works of the late Lord Viſcount Bolingbroke—In a Cloſe-ſtool.

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant, &c.

T

Nº XCII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1755.

O NATA MECUM CONSULE MANLIO,
SEU TU QUERELAS, SIVE GERIS JOCOS,
SEU RIXAM, ET INSANOS AMORES,
SEU FACILEM, PIA TESTA, SOMNUM;
DESCENDE.———————

HOR.

BRISK WINE SOME HEARTS INSPIRES WITH GLADNESS,
AND MAKES SOME DROOP IN SOBER SADNESS;
MAKES POLITICIANS SOUND TO BATTLE,
AND LOVERS OF THEIR MISTRESS PRATTLE;
WHILE WITH 'POTATIONS POTTLE DEEP,'
IT LULLS THE SERIOUS SOT TO SLEEP.

DRINKING is one of thoſe popular vices, which moſt people reckon among their venial failings; and it is thought no great blot on a man's character, to ſay he takes his glaſs rather too freely. But as thoſe vices are moſt dangerous and likely to prevail, which, if not approved, are at leaſt commonly excuſed, I have been tempted to examine, whether Drinking really deſerves that quarter it receives from the generality of mankind: and I muſt own, that after a ſtrict attention to the principal motives that induce men to become

come Hard-drinkers, as well as the conſequences which ſuch exceſſes produce, I am at a loſs to account for the received maxim, that 'in good wine there is 'truth;' and ſhould no more expect happineſs in a full bowl, than chaſtity in the bar of a tavern.

The incentives to this practice are ſome of them very ſhocking, and ſome very ridiculous: as will perhaps appear from the following characters.

Poor Heartly was bleſt with every noble qualification of the head and heart, and bade fair for the love and admiration of the whole world; but was unfortunately bound in a very large ſum for a friend, who diſappeared, and left him to the mercy of the law. The diſtreſſes, thus brought upon him by the treachery of another, threw him into the deepeſt deſpair; and he had at laſt recourſe to Drinking, to benumb, if poſſible, the very ſenſe of reflection. He is miſerable, when ſober; and when drunk, ſtupified and muddled: his misfortunes have robbed him of all the joys of life; and he is now endeavouring wilfully to put an end to them by a ſlow poiſon.

Tom Buck, from the firſt day that he was put into breeches, was always accounted a boy of ſpirit; and before he reached the top of Weſtminſter-ſchool, knew the names and faces of the moſt noted girls upon the town, toſſed off his Claret with a ſmack, and had a long tick at the tavern. When he went to Oxford, he eſpouſed the Tory party, becauſe they drank deepeſt; and he has for ſome years been accounted a four-bottle man. He drank for fame; and has ſo well eſtabliſhed his character, that he was never known to ſend a man from his chambers ſober, but generally laid his whole company under the table. Since his leaving the Univerſity, nobody ever acquired more reputation by Electioneering; for he can *ſee out* the ſtouteſt freeholder in England. He has, indeed, ſwallowed many a tun in the ſervice of his country; and is now a ſounder patriot by two bottles, than any man in the county.

Poor Wou'd-be became a debauchee through mere baſhfulneſs, and a fooliſh ſort of modeſty, that has made many a man drunk in ſpite of his teeth. He contracted an acquaintance with a ſet of Hard-drinkers: and though he would as ſoon chuſe to ſwallow a doſe of phyſic, has not courage to refuſe his bumper. He is drunk every night, and always ſick to death the next morning; when he conſtantly reſolves to drink nothing ſtronger than ſmall-beer for the future; but, at night, the poor fellow gets drunk again through downright modeſty. Thus Wou'd-be ſuffers himſelf to be preſſed into the ſervice; and, ſince he has commenced a jolly fellow, is become one of the moſt miſerable wretches upon earth.

Honeſt Ned Brimmer is at preſent the moſt diſmal object that ever fell a ſacrifice to liquor. It was unluckily his firſt ambition to promote what is called Good Fellowſhip. In this undertaking he has in a very few years entirely ruined his conſtitution; and now ſtalks up and down in ſo piteous a condition, as might inſpire his companions with more melancholy reflections than an empty bottle. He has quite loſt all appetite; and he is now obliged to keep up a weak artificial heat in his body, by the ſame means that deſtroyed the natural warmth of his conſtitution. Rum, Brandy, and Uſquebaugh, are his diet-drinks: and he may perhaps linger a few months before he falls a martyr to Good Fellowſhip.

Having thus taken a ſhort view of the unhappy motives that induce men to become Hard-drinkers, few perhaps will think ſuch reaſons any recommendation to Drunkenneſs. Nor can I imagine they will grow more fond of it, by obſerving what ſtrange creatures they are during their intoxication. Shakeſpeare calls it 'putting a Devil into 'their mouths, to ſteal away their 'brains:' and, indeed, a cup too much turns a man the wrong ſide out: and wine, at the ſame time it takes away the power of ſtanding from the legs, deprives the mind of all ſenſe and reflection. It is whimſical enough to conſider the different effects which wine produces on different tempers. Sometimes, like love, it makes a fool ſenſible, and a wiſe man an aſs; and ſeems to imbibe a new quality from every different body, as water takes a tincture from the ground it runs through.

Horace has with great pleaſantry recapitulated the various effects of wine in a ſtanza, which I have placed at the head of this paper. One man grows maudlin and weeps; another becomes merry and facetious; a third quarrels,

throws

throws a bottle at his companion's head, and could run his deareſt friend through the body; a fourth is mad for a girl, and falls in love with a ſtreet-walker; while to a fifth, the liquor ſerves as an opiate, and lulls him to ſleep. Shakeſpeare has alſo ſhewn this variety of characters with great humour. Caſſio cries, 'Let's to buſineſs,' and immediately begins to hiccup his prayers, and belches out his hopes of ſalvation: Juſtice Silence, who does not ſpeak a word while he is ſober, has no ſooner ſwallowed the rouzing cup, than he roars out a catch, and grows the noiſieſt man in the company. It is reported to have been one of the moſt exquiſite entertainments of the Choice Spirits in the beginning of this century, to get Addiſon and Steele together in company for the evening. Steele entertained them, till he was tipſy; when the ſame wine that ſtupified him, only ſerved to elevate Addiſon, who took up the ball juſt as Steele dropped it, and kept it up for the reſt of the evening. They who have never been preſent at a ſcene of this kind, may ſee the whole groupe of drunken characters, diſplayed at one view with infinite humour, in Hogarth's Modern Midnight Converſation.

Thus exceſs of Drinking verifies all the transformations recorded in the fable of Circe's Cup: and perhaps the true reaſon why Bacchus is always painted with horns, is to intimate, that wine turns men into beaſts. Indeed, if none were to indulge themſelves in Drinking, except thoſe who (like Steele and Addiſon) could be witty and agreeable in their cups, the number of Hard-drinkers would be very happily diminiſhed. Moſt men have ſo little right to plead an excuſe of this ſort in vindication of their Drunkenneſs, that wine either makes them very rude, very ſtupid, or very mad. It is a vulgar error to ſuppoſe, that liquor only ſhews ill qualities, ſince it alſo frequently creates them; and engenders notions in the mind quite foreign to it's natural diſpoſition, which are the mere effects of wine, and break out like blotches and carbuncles on the face. The diſguſtful appearance, which moſt people make when they are drunk, was what induced the Spartans to intoxicate their ſlaves, and ſhew them to their children, in order to deter them from ſo odious a vice. In like manner let the Choice Spirit, who is often ſeen ſnoring in an armed-chair in a tavern, or hanging his head over the pot, reflect what a ſhocking figure he muſt have made, when he ſees the drunken beggar ſleeping on a bulk, or rolling in the kennel!

Whoever thus conſiders the motives that generally induce men to give into theſe exceſſes, and how ridiculous and unhappy they are often rendered by the effects, will hardly be tempted by the charms of a bottle: and, indeed, Hard-drinking is frequently one, among the many evils, that ariſe from want of education. The dull country ſquire, who has not taſte for literary amuſements, has nothing, except his dogs and horſes, but his bumper to divert him; and the town ſquire ſits ſoaking for the ſame reaſon in a tavern. Theſe are the common herd of Bacchus's ſwine: but nothing is more ſhocking than to ſee a man of ſenſe thus deſtroying his parts and conſtitution. It not only makes a terrible innovation in his whole frame and intellects, but alſo robs him of the ſociety of thoſe like himſelf, with whom he ſhould aſſociate, and reduce him to the level of a ſet of wretches; ſince all may be admitted to his company and converſation who are able to toſs off a bumper.

Theſe conſiderations are ſufficient to convince us of the evils which reſult from Hard-drinking: but it will ſhock us ſtill more, if we reflect how much it will influence our life and conduct. Whoever is engaged in a profeſſion, will never apply to it with ſucceſs, while he ſticks ſo cloſe to his bottle; and the tradeſman who endeavours to make buſineſs and pleaſure compatible, will never be able to make both ends meet. Thus, whether health, fame, or intereſt, is regarded, Drunkenneſs ſhould be avoided: and we may ſay with Caſſio, 'Every 'inordinate cup is unbleſt, and the in-'gredient is a devil.'

Nº XCIII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1755.

——HEU, FORTUNA, QUIS EST CRUDELIOR IN NOS
TE DEUS! UT SEMPER GAUDES ILLUDERE REBUS
HUMANIS!—— HOR.

WHY, FORTUNE, SERVE US SUCH A CRUEL PRANK,
TO TURN THY WHEEL, AND GIVE US BLANK, BLANK, BLANK!

I Cannot but admire the ingenious device prefixed to the advertiſement of Hazard's Lottery Office, in which Fortune is repreſented hovering over the heads of a great number of people, and ſcattering down all kinds of prizes among them. What Mr. Hazard has here delineated, every adventurer in the late Lottery had pictured to himſelf: the Ten Thouſand conſtantly floated before his eyes, and each perſon had already poſſeſſed it in imagination. But alas! all our expectations are now at an end: the golden dream is at length vaniſhed; and thoſe whoſe heads were kept giddy all the while that the wheel of Fortune was turning round, have now leiſure ſoberly to reflect on their diſappointment. How many unhappy tradeſmen muſt now trudge on foot all their lives, who deigned to loll in their chariots! How many poor maidens, of good family but no fortune, muſt languiſh all their days without the comforts of an huſband and a coach-and-ſix! Every loſer thinks himſelf ill uſed by Fortune: and even Mrs. Betty, the poſſeſſor of a ſingle Sixteenth, flies to the Office, pays her penny, and receives the tidings of her ill luck with ſurprize; goes to another Office, pays her penny, hears the ſame diſagreeable information; and can hardly, very hardly perſuade herſelf, that Fortune ſhould have doomed her ſtill to waſh the diſhes, and ſcrub down the ſtairs.

Thus the views of every adventurer are directed to the ſame point, though their motives for engaging in the Lottery may be different. One man puts in, becauſe he is willing to be in Fortune's way; another, becauſe he had good luck in the laſt; and another, becauſe he never got any thing before: this indulges in the proſpect of making a fortune; and that comforts himſelf with the pleaſing hopes of retrieving his deſperate circumſtances. Every one, however, thinks himſelf as ſure of the Ten Thouſand, as if he had it in his pocket; and his only concern is, how to diſpoſe of it. We may, therefore, conſider every adventurer, as having been in actual poſſeſſion of his treaſure; and out of fifty thouſand people, who have been bleſt within this fortnight with ſuch ideal good fortune, I ſhall ſelect the following inſtances which fell within my own notice.

Joſeph Wilkins, of Thames Street, Eſquire, Common-council-man and Cheeſemonger, got the 10,000l. He could not bear the foggy air and dingy ſituation of the city: he, therefore, reſolved to take a houſe at the St. James's end of the town, and to fit up a ſing Box at Hampſtead, in the Chineſe taſte, for his retirement on Sundays. A Chariot was abſolutely neceſſary to carry him to and from 'Change every morning: but he intended to have it made according to the modern faſhion, that it might occaſionally be converted into a Poſt-chaiſe, to wheel him on a Saturday night to his country-ſeat, and back again on the Monday morning. He deſigned to be choſen Alderman the firſt vacancy; after that to be made Sheriff, receive the honour of Knighthood, and perhaps get into Parliament: and whenever he paſſed by the Manſion-houſe, he could not but look upon it with pleaſure, as the future reſidence of his Lordſhip. Nothing was now wanting but a careful plodding partner, who ſhould take upon himſelf the whole drudgery of the ſhop; ſo that the Squire might have no farther trouble than to receive his dividend of the profits. But while he was conſidering on whom this important favour ſhould be conferred, his ticket was drawn—BLANK; and Squire Wilkins is contented with his greaſy employment of cutting out penny-worths of Cheſhire cheeſe.

Jonathan Wildgooſe, of Cheapſide, Silk-mercer, had too much taſte to be confined to a dirty buſineſs, which he neglected

glected for the more agreeable pur-
its of pleaſure. Having therefore met
ith great loſſes in trade, he was obliged
embark the remains of his ſhattered
rtune in the Lottery, and by pur-
haſing a number of tickets, ſecured to
imſelf the 10,000l. He had determined
keep his ſucceſs ſecret, bilk his credi-
rs by becoming bankrupt, turn the
hole into an annuity for his life, and
ve abroad like a gentleman upon the
come. But unluckily his creditors
me upon him too quickly; and before
e could know that he had NOT got the
en Thouſand, hurried him to jail,
here he now lies, lamenting that the
ct of Inſolvency had not been poſtponed
ll after the Lottery.

John Jones of Ludlow, in the county
f Salop, Eſquire, Dealer and Chap-
an, got the 10,000l. This gentleman
as forewarned of his ſucceſs by ſeveral
ndiſputable tokens. His lady had dream-
d of a *particular Number* four nights
ogether: and while the bells were ring-
ng on his being choſen Bailiff of the
Corporation, they ſpoke in as plain
words, as ever Whittington heard—
Mr. John Jones will get Ten Thou-
ſand Pound—Mr. John Jones will get
Ten Thouſand Pound.' He and his
ady, therefore, came up to London;
nd not being able to meet with the *par-
icular Number* at Hazard's or Wilſon's,
or any other Office always remarkable
for ſelling the Ten Thouſands, they
adver iſed it in the papers, and got the
Great Prize, only paying a guinea more
for their ticket than the market-price.
As Mrs. Jones knew a good deal of the
world, having lived for ſome years in
quality of an upper ſervant in a great
houſe—ſhe was determined that Mr.
Jones ſhould take the opportunity, now
they were in town, of learning how to
behave himſelf, as he ſhould do, when
he came to his fortune. She, therefore,
introduced him to the beſt company in
all the houſekeepers and ſtewards rooms
in the beſt families, where ſhe was ac-
quainted: and as Mr. Jones was ſo de-
ficient in politeneſs, as not even to
know how to make a bow in coming into
a room, he had private leſſons from
Mr. Aaron Hart, who undertakes to
teach Grown Gentlemen to dance. Mrs.
Jones herſelf was very buſy in conſult-
ing with the milliner and mantua-maker
about the neweſt faſhions, when the long
looked-for Ten Thouſand came up;
and directly after the *Hey-Ge-Ho* car-
ried them down again to Salop, with
this only conſolation, that their ticket
was within one of the fortunate Number.

Sir Humphry Oldcaſtle having great-
ly dipped his eſtate by being choſen into
Parliament on the Tory intereſt, mort-
gaged all he had left, to put himſelf in
the way of the 10,000l. for the good of
his country. This ſeaſonable recruit
fixed him a ſtaunch Patriot: and he de-
clared, he would ſtand another election
againſt all oppoſition. But, however it
happened, the finiſhing of the Lottery
has induced him to change his ſenti-
ments; and Sir Humphry, in lieu of
the 10,000l. has accepted a Place.

Jemmy Liſter, an Attorney's Clerk,
was carried into the Lottery by pure
diſintereſted love. He had conceived a
violent paſſion for his maſter's daughter;
but the prudent old gentleman could
not be prevailed on to give her away to
an handſome young fellow without a
penny. This enraged him ſo much,
that he immediately ſold the reverſion
of a ſmall eſtate after the death of his
grandmother, and by laying out the
purchaſe money, as far as it would go,
in Shares and Chances, got the 10,000l.
He was for ſome time in doubt, whether
he ſhould beſtow his good fortune on the
young lady, or employ it more faſhion-
ably in keeping a girl. However, his
hopes ſoon ſunk to one of the 5000l.
prizes, which he generouſly determined
to ſettle upon her, together with his
perſon. But in this too he was unhap-
pily diſappointed; and at laſt, like a
true lover, contented himſelf with the
thoughts of maintaining her very pretti-
ly (even though the father ſhould give
her nothing) on the income of one or
other of the inferior prizes, which he
was ſure would fall to his lot. Fortune,
alas! is no leſs blind a deity than Love:
they both conſpired to diſappoint him;
and the unſucceſsful gallant, having re-
ceived a poſitive refuſal from his miſ-
treſs, out of mere ſpite directly married
the maid.

Captain Mac Mullen, a decayed
Gameſter, made ſhift to purchaſe the
CHANCE of a *Sixteenth*, which (not-
withſtanding the great Odds againſt
him) was ſure to come up 10 000l. The
firſt thing to be done was to purchaſe a
genteel ſuit of cloaths with his part of
the prize, hire an equipage, paſs him-
ſelf off for a man of quality, and ſnap

up a rich dowager or heireſs; after which it was very eaſy for him to dupe all the raw gameſters at Arthur's out of their eſtates, and to take in all the Knowing-ones on the Turf at Newmarket. He accordingly beſpoke his liveries, ſettled the faſhion of his chariot, and had already pitched upon the lady whoſe good luck it ſhould be to fall in love with him; but ſo uncertain is the ſtate of a gameſter, that ſince the drawing of the Lottery he has adverti ſed for charitable contributions to a Diſtreſſed Gentleman, who knows the world, and has had the honour to be intimate with moſt of the Nobility and Gentry in the kingdom.

I need not point out any particular inſtances among the other ſex, with reſpect to their diſpoſal of the Ten Thouſand; which every lady had ſecured by chuſing the Ticket herſelf, taking particular care that the number ſhould be an odd one. The married ladies have ſufficient calls for even double this ſum, to ſupply them with the neceſſaries of dreſs, and to anſwer the expences of frequenting public diverſions; and as to the unmarried ladies, they very well know the truth of that maxim in the ballad, that 'in ten thouſand pounds ten thouſand 'charms are centered.' Some ancient maiden ladies, who could never be brought to think of an huſband, or to give into the vanities of the world, were reſolved to live retired upon their prize in the country, and leave proofs of their good diſpoſitions behind them, by ſwelling out their Wills with a long liſt of *Items* to this or that Charity or Hoſpital.

Before I conclude, I cannot but take notice of the great generoſity of my own Publiſher upon getting the 10,000l. As his ſucceſs was owing to his laying out in the Lottery all the profits which had already riſen from the publication of this Paper, he had determined to circulate my future numbers *gratis*; and had even deſigned to keep open houſe for the reception of poor authors. Unhappily for the public, as well as my brother-writers, Fortune has fruſtrated his diſintereſted ſcheme: even I myſelf am admitted to eat his mutton but once a week; and (inſtead of giving away my papers) he has advertiſed, that the *Twelves* edition of the Connoiſſeur will be publiſhed on Tueſday the 25th of this inſtant November, in Two Pocket Volumes, Price *Six Shillings* bound.

T

N° XCIV. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1755.

——MILITAVI NON SINE GLORIA.
HOR.

I TOO FROM MARTIAL FEATS MAY CLAIM RENOWN,
THE CENSOR AND DICTATOR OF THE TOWN.

AS I was going through Smithfield the other day, I obſerved an old fellow with a wooden leg, dreſt in a ſailor's habit, who courteouſly invited the paſſer-by to peep into his raree-ſhow, for the ſmall price of an half-penny. His exhibitions, I found, were very well ſuited to the times, and quite in character for himſelf: for among other particulars, with which he amuſed the little audience of children that ſurrounded his box, I was mightily pleaſed to hear the following:—'There you 'ſee the Britiſh fleet purſuing the French 'ſhips, which are running away—'There you ſee Major-general Johnſon 'beating the French ſoldiers in Ame-'rica, and taking Count Dieſkeau pri-'ſoner—There you ſee the Grand Mo-'narque upon his knees before King 'George, begging his life.' As the thoughts of the public are now wholly turned upon war, it is no wonder that every method is taken to inſpire us with a love of our country, and an abhorrence of the French King: and not only the old ſeaman with his raree-ſhow, but the public theatres have likewiſe had a view to the ſame point. At Drury Lane we have already been entertained with the Humours of the Navy; and I am aſſured, that at Covent Garden Mr. Barry will ſhortly make an entire conqueſt of France, in the perſon of that renowned hero Henry the Fifth. And as the Engliſh are naturally fond of bloody exhi-

bitions

bitions on the ſtage, I am told that a new Pantomime, entitled the Ohio, is preparing at this laſt houſe, more terrible than any of it's Hells, Devils, and fiery Dragons; in which will be introduced the Indian Manner of Fighting, to conclude with a repreſentation of the Grand Scalping Dance with all it's Horrors.

While this warlike diſpoſition prevails in the nation, I am under ſome apprehenſions leſt the attention of the public ſhould be called off from the weighty concerns of theſe papers. I already perceive that the common newspapers are more eagerly ſnatched up in the public coffee-houſes than my eſſays; and the Gazette is much oftener called for than the Connoiſſeur. For theſe reaſons I find it neceſſary to lay open my own importance before the public, to ſhew that I myſelf am acting (as it were) in a military capacity, and that Cenſor General Town has done his country no leſs ſervice as a valiant and ſkilful commander at home, than Major-general Johnſon in America. Authors may very properly be ſaid to be engaged in a ſtate of literary warfare, many of whom are taken into pay by thoſe great and mighty potentates, the booksellers; and it will be allowed, that they undergo no leſs hardſhips in the ſervice, than the common ſoldiers who are contented to be ſhot at for a groat a day.

It has been my province to repel the daily inroads and incroachments made by vice and folly, and to guard the nation from an invaſion of foreign fopperies and French faſhions. The Town has been principally the ſcene of action; where I have found enemies to encounter with, no leſs formidable than the Tquattotquaws or the Chickchimuckchis of North America. But as the curioſity of the public is ſo much engaged in attending to the enterprizes of old Hendrick the Sachem, and the incurſions of Indians who have taken up the hatchet againſt our colonies, I am afraid that my exploits againſt the Savages, which infeſt this metropolis, will be wholly over-looked. I have, therefore, reſolved to give my readers freſh advices from time to time of what paſſes here, drawn up in the ſame warlike ſtile and manner as thoſe very alarming articles of news which are commonly to be met with in our public papers.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1755.

We hear from White's, that the forces under Major-general Hoyle, which uſed to encamp at that place, are removed from thence, and have fixed their winter quarters at Arthur's. The ſame letters ſay, that an obſtinate engagement was fought there a few nights ago, in which one party gained a great booty, and the other ſuffered a conſiderable loſs. We are alſo informed, that an epidemical diſtemper rages among them, and that ſeveral of the chiefs have been carried off by a ſudden death.

They write from Covent Garden, that laſt week a body of Irregulars ſallied out at midnight, ſtormed ſeveral forts in that neighbourhood, and committed great outrages; but being attacked by a detachment from the allied army of watchmen, conſtables, and juſtices, they were put to flight, and ſeveral of them taken priſoners. The plague ſtill rages there with great violence, as well as in the neighbouring territories of Drury.

We hear from the ſame place, that the Company commanded by Brigadier Rich has been reinforced with ſeveral new-raiſed recruits, to ſupply the place of ſome deſerters, who had gone over to the enemy: but his chief dependance is on the light-armed troops, which are very active, and are diſtinguiſhed, like the Highlanders, by their party-coloured dreſs. The enemy, on the other hand, have taken ſeveral Swiſs * and Germans into pay; though they are under terrible apprehenſions of their being ſet upon by the Critics. Theſe are a rude, ignorant, ſavage people, who are always at war with the nation of Authors. Their conſtant manner of fighting is to begin the onſet with ſtrange hiſſings and noiſes, accompanied with an horrid inſtrument, named the Cat-call; which, like the War-hoop of the Indians, has ſtruck a panic into the hearts of the ſtouteſt heroes.

We have advice from the Butcher Row, Temple Bar, that on Monday night laſt the Infidels held a grand council of war at their head quarters in the Robin Hood, at which their good friend and ally, the Mufti of Clare Market,

* Alluding to the Dancers, employed in the Entertainment of the Chineſe Feſtival, at Drury Lane Theatre.

aſſiſted in perſon. After many debates, they reſolved to declare war againſt the Chriſtians, and never to make peace till they had pulled down all the Churches in Chriſtendom, and eſtabliſhed the Alcoran of Bolingbroke in lieu of the Bible.

All our advices from the city of London agree in their accounts of the great havock and ſlaughter made there on the Feſtival commonly called My Lord Mayor's Day. All the Companies in their black uniform, and the trained band in their regimentals, made a general forage. They carried off vaſt quantities of chickens, geeſe, ducks, and all kinds of proviſions. Major Guzzledown, of the Ward of Baſſiſhaw, diſtinguiſhed himſelf greatly, having with his ſword in hand gallantly attacked the outworks, ſcaled the walls, mounted the ramparts, and forced through the covert-way of a large fortified Cuſtard, which ſeemed impregnable.

The inhabitants of Suſſex have lately been alarmed with the apprehenſions of an Invaſion; as the French have been very buſy in fitting out ſeveral ſmall veſſels laden with ſtores of wine and brandy, with which it is thought they will attempt to make a deſcent ſomewhere on our coaſts. The independent Companies of Smugglers in the ſervice of France are to be ſent on this expedition: but if the fleet of Cuſtom-houſe ſmacks, &c. do not intercept them at ſea, we are preparing to receive them as ſoon as they are landed.

From divers parts of the country we have advice, that the roads are every where crouded with Ladies, who (notwithſtanding the ſeverity of the weather) are hurrying up to London, to be preſent at the meeting of the *Female Parliament*. At this critical juncture, the fate of the nation depends entirely on the deliberations of this wiſe aſſembly: and as there are known to be many diſintereſted patriots in the Houſe, it is not to be doubted but that proper meaſures will be taken by them for the good of their country. Many ſalutary laws are already talked of, which we could wiſh to ſee put into execution; ſuch as—A Bill for prohibiting the importation of French Milliners, Hair-cutters, and Mantua-makers—A Bill for the exportation of French Cooks and French Valets de Chambres—A Bill to reſtrain Ladies from wearing French Dreſſes—And laſtly, a Bill to reſtrain them from wearing French Faces.

W

Nº XCV. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1755.

MELLE SOPORATAM ET MEDICATIS FRUGIBUS OFFAM OBJICIT. VIRG.

THE HONEY'D CAKE WILL LOSE IT'S SWEETNESS SOON, AND PROVE A BITTER IN THE HONEY-MOON.

AS every marriage is a kind of family feſtival, the wedding-day is honoured with various celebrities, and diſtinguiſhed like the fifth of November, the birth days of the Royal Family, or any other public day, with many demonſtrations of joy: the happy couple are dreſt in their richeſt ſuits, the bells ring all day, and the evening is concluded with the merry ceremony of throwing the ſtocking. But theſe feſtivities are not always ſo religiouſly obſerved in Town; where many a pair of quality are tacked together with the utmoſt privacy, and immediately after ſneak out of town, as if they were aſhamed to ſhew their faces after what they had done. In the Country, when the ſquire or any other perſon of diſtinction is married, the Honey-moon is almoſt a continued Carnival; and every marriage is accounted more or leſs likely to be proſperous, in proportion to the number of deer, oxen, and ſheep, that are killed on the occaſion, and the hogſheads of wine and tons of ale with which they are waſhed down. By the laſt poſt I received an account from my couſin Village of the wedding of a near relation, with a particular detail of the magnificence of the entertainment, the ſplendor of the ball, and the univerſal joy of the whole manor. At the ſame time I received compliments from the new-married couple, with a large ſlice of the Bride Cake; the virtues of which are well

well known to every girl of thirteen. I was never in poſſeſſion of this nuptial charm before: but I was ſo much delighted with this matrimonial token, and it excited in my mind ſo many reflections on conjugal happineſs, that (though I did not lay it under my pillow) it gave occaſion to the following Dream.

I found myſelf in the middle of a ſpacious building, which was crouded with a variety of perſons of both ſexes; and upon enquiry was told that it was the Temple of the God of Marriage; and that every one, who had an inclination to ſacrifice to that Deity, was invited to approach a large altar, which was covered with a great number of Cakes of different ſhapes and appearance. Some of theſe we moulded into the form of hearts; and others were woven into true-lovers knots: ſome were ſtrewed with ſugar, and ſtuck about with ſweet-meats; ſome were covered with gold; ſome were ſtamped with coronets; and others had their tops embelliſhed with glittering toys, that repreſented a fine houſe, a ſet of jewels, or a coach and ſix. Plutus and Capid were buſily employed in diſtributing theſe Cakes (which were all of them marked with the word MATRIMONY, and called Bride-Cakes) to different perſons, who were allowed to chuſe for themſelves, according to their different views and inclinations.

I obſerved ſeveral haſten to the Altar, who all appeared to be variouſly affected by their choice. To ſome the Cakes ſeemed of ſo delicious a flavour, that they imagined they ſhould never be ſurfeited; while others, who found the taſte very agreeable at firſt, in a ſhort time declared it to be flat and inſipid. However, I could not help remarking, that many more (particularly among the quality) addreſſed themſelves to Plutus than to Cupid.

Being deſirous to take a nearer view of the company, I puſhed through the crowd, and placed myſelf cloſe by the Altar. A young couple now advanced, and applying to Cupid, deſired him to reach them one of the cakes, in the ſhape of a double heart pierced through with darts: but juſt as they were going to ſhare it betwixt them, a crabbed old fellow, whom I found to be the girl's father, ſtepped up, broke the cake in two, and obliged the young lady to fix upon another, which Plutus picked out for her, and which repreſented the figure of a fine gentleman in gilt gingerbread.

An old fellow of ſixty-two, who had ſtolen one day from the buſineſs of the Alley, next came towards the Altar, and ſeemed to expreſs a ſtrong deſire for a Cake. Plutus, who recollected him at firſt ſight, immediately offered him one, which, though very mouldy and coarſe, was gilt all over; but he was aſtoniſhed at the old gentleman's refuſing it, and petitioning Cupid for a Cake of the moſt elegant form and ſweeteſt ingredients. The little God at firſt repulſed him with indignation, but afterwards SOLD it to him for a large ſum of money; a circumſtance which amazed me beyond expreſſion, but which I ſoon found was very commonly practiſed in this Temple. The old fellow retired with his purchaſed prize; and though I imagined he might ſtill have a colt's tooth remaining, after having for ſome time mumbled it between his old gums in vain, it lay by him untouched and unenjoyed.

I was afterwards very much diſguſted with the many inſtances that occurred of theſe delicate morſels being ſet up to ſale: and I found that their price roſe and fell, like that of beef or mutton, according to the glut or ſcarcity of the market. I was particularly affected with the diſpoſal of the two following. A young gentleman and lady were approaching the Altar, and had agreed to take between them a Cake of a plain form but delicious flavour, marked Love and Competence; but a perſon of quality ſtepping forward, perſuaded the falſe female to join with him, and receive from Plutus one much more glittering, marked Indifference and a large Settlement. Another lady was coming up with a Knight of the Bath, being tempted by a Cake with a red ribband ſtreaming from it, like the flags on a Twelfth-Cake; but was prevailed on by a perſon of greater rank and diſtinction to accept a more ſhowy Cake, adorned with a blue ribband and a coronet.

A buxom dame of an amorous complexion came next, and begged very hard for a Cake. She had before received ſeveral, which ſuited her tooth, and pleaſed her palate ſo exceſſively, that as ſoon as ſhe had diſpatched one, ſhe conſtantly came to Cupid for another.

other. She now ſeized her Cake with great tranſport, and retiring to a corner with it, I could diſcern her greedily mumbling the delicious morſel, though ſhe had fairly worn out ſix and twenty of her teeth in the ſervice. After this an ancient lady came tottering up to the Altar, ſupported by a young fellow in a red coat, with a ſhoulder-knot. Plutus gave him a ſtale Cake marked with the word Jointure in large golden capitals, which he received with ſome reluctance, while the old lady eagerly ſnatched another from Cupid, (who turned his head aſide from her) on which I could plainly diſcover the word Dotage.

A rich ruſty bachelor of the laſt century then came buſtling through the crowd. He brought with him a red-cheeked country girl of nineteen. As he approached the Altar, he met ſeveral coming from it with Cakes, which he had refuſed; ſome of which were marked Riches, ſome Family, ſome Beauty, and one or two Affection. The girl he brought with him proved to be his dairy-maid, whom he had for ſome time paſt been in vain attempting to bring over to his wiſhes; but at laſt finding his deſign impracticable, he came with her to the Altar. He ſeemed, indeed, a little aſhamed of his undertaking, and betrayed a good deal of aukwardneſs in his manner and deportment. However, as ſoon as he had taken his Cake, he retired; and determined to ſpend the reſt of his days with his milch-cow in the country.

To ſatisfy a modeſt longing, there now advanced a maiden lady in the bloom of threeſcore. She had, it ſeems, heretofore refuſed ſeveral offers from Cupid and Plutus; but being enraged to find that they had now given over all thoughts of her, ſhe ſeized by the hand a young Enſign of the Guards, and carried him to the Altar, whence ſhe herſelf ſnatched up a Cake, and divided it with her gallant. She was highly delighted with the taſte of it at firſt; but her partner being very ſoon cloyed, ſhe too late diſcovered, that the half which ſhe held in her hand was ſigned Folly, and that which ſhe had forced upon her paramour was marked Averſion.

A little, pert, forward Miſs, in a frock and hanging ſleeves, ran briſkly up to Cupid, and begged for a Cake:—what it was ſhe did not care; but a Cake ſhe muſt and would have, of one kind or another. She had juſt ſtretched out her hands to receive one from Cupid, when her mamma interpoſed, ſent the child back again blubbering to the boarding-ſchool, and carried off the Cake herſelf.

An old woman, fantaſtically dreſſed, then burſt into the Temple, and ran raving up to the Altar, crying out, that ſhe *would* have an huſband. But the poor lady ſeemed likely to be diſappointed; for, as ſhe could prevail on no one to join hands with her, both Cupid and Plutus refuſed to favour her with a Cake. Furious with rage and deſpair, ſhe ſnatched one off the Altar; and ſeizing on the firſt man that came in her way, which unfortunately happened to be myſelf, ſhe would have forcibly crammed it down my throat. As the leaſt crumb of it was as diſagreeable as a drench to an horſe, I began to ſpawl, and ſputter, and keck; and though the flurry of ſpirits which it occaſioned awaked me, I thought I had the nauſeous taſte of it ſtill in my mouth.

W

Nº XCVI. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1755.

——SEX PARATUR AUT DECEM SOPHOS NUMMIS.
SECRETA QUÆRE CARMINA, ET RUDES CURAS,
QUAS NOVIT UNUS, SCRINIOQUE SIGNATAS
CUSTODIT IPSE VIRGINIS PATER CHARTÆ.
MERCARE TALES AB EO, NEC SCIET QUISQUAM.

MART.

WOULD YOU THE NAME OF AUTHOR NOT REFUSE,
WE'VE PENN'ORTHS FOR YOUR PENNY, PICK AND CHUSE:
WE'VE PLAYS OR POEMS, READY MADE FOR SALE;
WITH WIT AND HUMOUR, WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.
ON THESE THE PUBLIC BREATH HAS NEVER BLOWN;
BUY THEM, AND FAIRLY CLAIM THEM FOR YOUR OWN.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

AMONG the many Regiſter-Offices erected within theſe few years laſt, I am ſurprized that no ſcheme of the like nature has been thought of for the ſervice of literature; and that no place has been ſet apart where Literary Commodities of every ſort might be diſpoſed of: where men of learning might meet with employment; and where others, who want their aſſiſtance, might be ſure to meet with men of learning. There is nothing of this kind in being at preſent, except among the bookſellers; who, indeed, have made a monopoly of the trade, and engroſſed the whole market to themſelves. To remedy this inconvenience, my deſign is to ſet up a Literary Regiſter-Office: for which purpoſe I intend to hire the now uſeleſs theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and convert it into a mart for the ſtaple commodities of the literary commonwealth. I ſhall here fit up apartments for the reception of my authors, who will be employed from time to time in ſupplying the public with the requiſite manufactures. The ſcheme will, I doubt not, meet with great encouragement, as it is of general utility; and I do not remember any deſign of the ſame nature, except at a barber's on the other ſide of the water, who has hung out a board over his ſhop with the following inſcription—'Letters read and written for Servants and Others.'

I ſhall always have a freſh aſſortment of goods in the beſt taſte and neweſt fashion: as of Novels, for example, while the humour of reading them is prevalent among all ranks of people. For this branch I ſhall retain a very eminent Maſter Noveliſt, to cut out adventures and intrigues, and ſhall employ a proper number of hands to tack them together with all poſſible care and expedition: and if any ladies of quality, or others, chuſe to furniſh their own materials for Memoirs and Apologies, they may have them done up, and be fitted exactly, at my Office. Beſides ſeveral others, which my men ſhall get up with the greateſt diſpatch, I can aſſure you I have myſelf worked night and day, and have already finiſhed ſix and thirty ſheets of the Hiſtory of Miſs Sukey Sapling, Written by Herſelf.

Pamphlets of all ſorts ſhall be compoſed, whenever any popular ſubject ſtarts up that is likely to engage the attention of the public. Every new play ſhall be followed by an *Examen* or Remarks: all riots at either playhouſe will afford ſcope for Letters to the Managers; and every new actor or actreſs produce theatrical Criticiſms. Poetry, you know, Mr. Town, is a mere drug; but I ſhall always have a number of ready-made Odes by me, which may be ſuited to any great man, dead or alive, in place or out of place. I ſhall alſo have a large bundle of Poems on ſeveral Occaſions, very proper for any gentleman or lady who chuſes to publiſh by ſubſcription; beſides a more ordinary ſort of Hymns to the Morning; Verſes on the Death of——; Odes to Miſs A. B. C. Acroſticks and Rebuſes, for the uſe of the Magazines; to be ſold a pennyworth, with allowance to thoſe who take a great quantity.

With regard to Law matters, as they have no ſort of connection with wit or learning, I ſhall not concern myſelf with their

their unintelligible jargon; nor presume to interfere with those authors in parchment, who measure their words by the foot-rule, and sell their writings at so much *per* line. However, I shall furnish young Students of the several Inns of Court with compleat Canons of Criticism, and Opinions on any new theatrical Cases; on which they may argue very learnedly at a tavern, or plead at the bar of a coffee-house. For Medical subjects, I shall procure a learned Graduate by *Diploma* from abroad, whose practice will not so much take up his time as to prevent his being at leisure to write occasional treatises, setting forth the virtues of any newly-invented Powder, or newly-discovered Water. He shall also draw up the advertisements for medicines that remove all diseases, and are never known to fail; he shall compile the wonderful accounts of their surprizing cures; and furnish cases that never happened, and affidavits that were never made. With respect to Divinity, as I have reason to believe that controversial writings will be often called for, I intend to bargain with the Robin Hood Society to undertake in the lump to furnish my office with defences of Lord Bolingbroke, &c. and till I can procure some poor curate out of the country, or servitor from the university, to write the *Manuscript Sermons of eminent Divines lately deceased, warranted Originals*, I must make shift with the Fleet Parsons now out of business.

Though I shall not keep any dramatic works ready made by me—as these commodities are apt to grow stale and out of fashion—yet either of the theatres may be served with tragedy, comedy, farce, or the like, by bespeaking them, and giving but three days notice. For the comic pieces I shall employ a poet who has long worked for the drolls at Bartholomew and Southwark fairs, and has even printed a comedy, as it was *half* acted at Drury Lane. My tragedies will be furnished by a North-Briton, who walked up to London from his native country last winter with a most sublime tragedy in his coat-pocket, and which is now to be disposed of to the best bidder. Any old play of Shakespeare or Ben Johnson shall be pieced with modern ones according to the present taste, or cut out in airs and recitative for an English Opera. Songs for Pantomimes may be had, to set to the clack of a mill, the tinkling of a tin cascade, or the slaps of Harlequin's wooden sword. The proprietors of our public Gardens, during the summer season, may be also supplied from my Office with Love-ditties to a new Burthen, or comic Dialogues in *Crambo*; and words shall at any time be fitted to the music, after the tunes are composed.

As I propose to make my Office of general utility, every thing that bears the least affinity to literature will be naturally comprehended in my Scheme. Members of Parliament may be supplied with Speeches on any political subject; and Country Justices may, on directing a letter (post-paid) to the Office, have Charges to the Jury at the Quarter Sessions sent down to them by the first coach or waggon. Addresses on particular occasions shall be drawn up for the worshipful Mayor and Aldermen of any city or corporation: Laws, Rules, Regulations, or Orders, shall be formed for the Anti-Gallicans, Ubiquarians, Gregorians, or any other private clubs and societies.—*N. B.* The Free Masons may depend upon secrecy.

Many advantages may likewise accrue to the polite world from the establishment of my Office. Gentlemen and ladies may have *Billet-doux* written for them with the most soft and languishing expressions: Message Cards, and Invitations to Routs, shall be filled up and circulated, at so much *per* hundred, or undertaken in the gross at a fixed price all the year round. Beaux may be accommodated with letters of gallantry to send to their laundresses, or have them copied out in a fashionable female scrawl, and directed to themselves. Gentlemen who love fighting, but cannot write, may have challenges penned for them in the true stile and spirit of a modern Blood.

There are many other conveniencies arising from such an Office, which it would be too tedious to enumerate: and it will be found to be no less beneficial to your authors, Mr. Town, than those other Register-Offices are to men and maid-servants. If an author, for example, wants employment, or is out of place, he has nothing to do but to enter his name with me, and I shall presently get him work; or if a bookseller wants an hand for any particular job, (as a translation-spinner, a novel-weaver, a play-

ay-wright, a verſe turner, or the like) pon ſearching my books he will be ſure meet with a man fit for the buſineſs. ſhort, any compoſition, in proſe or yme, and on any ſubject, may be pro-ured at a minute's warning, by apply-g to my office; and I dare ſay, you ourſelf, Mr. Town, will be very glad ow and then to purchaſe a Connoiſſeur f me, whenever the idle fit ſeizes you. If that ſhould happen to come upon you this week, and you have nothing better, you will oblige me by laying the Scheme here ſent before your readers; and in return, you ſhall have the credit of publiſhing your papers at my Office, as ſoon as it is opened, and welcome.

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

J. WITSELL.

Nº XCVII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1755.

DE TE PENDENTIS, TE RESPICIENTIS AMICI. HOR.

YOUR FRIEND, YOUR PIMP, YOUR HANGER-ON, WHAT NOT?
YOUR LACQUEY, BUT WITHOUT THE SHOULDER-KNOT.

I Remember to have heard a couſin of mine, who was formerly at Cambridge, often mentioning a ſect of Philoſophers, diſtinguiſhed by the reſt of the collegians under the appellation of *Tuft-hunters*. Theſe were not the diſciples of the Stoics or Epicureans, or the advocates for the old or new philoſophy, but the followers (literally ſpeaking) of the fellow commoners, noblemen, and other rich ſtudents, whom it ſeems the courteſy of the Univerſity has honoured with a cap adorned with a gold taſſel. Theſe gold threads have almoſt as much influence in the Univerſity, as a red or a blue ribband at court; and always draw after the wearer a train of humble companions, who will be at his call to breakfaſt, dine, or ſup with him, whenever he pleaſes; will go with him any where, drink with him, wench with him, borrow his money, or let him pay their reckoning. They are, I am told, a ſort of diſeaſe of the place, which a man of fortune is ſure to catch as ſoon as he arrives there: and theſe faſt friends ſtick ſo cloſe to him, that he can never ſhake them off while he keeps his gown on his back.

The Univerſity of London is not without it's *Tuft-hunters*, who faſten, like leeches, on a young man of fortune at his firſt coming to town. They beſet him as ſoon as he arrives, and when they have once ſurrounded him, ſeldom fail of ſecuring him to themſelves; for no perſons of character care to have any connections with him, when he has been frequently ſeen in ſuch bad company. It is a great misfortune for any young gentleman to fall into their hands: though indeed, as a fool is the natural prey of knaves, the wealthy maintainers of this fraternity are generally none of the wiſeſt: and as at the Univerſity, 'where the learned pate ducks to the 'golden fool,' the gentleman-ſtudent is diſtinguiſhed by a cap with a gold tuft, I always conſider theſe ſons of folly in town as adorned with a ſhowy cap hung with bells, which ſerve at once to denote the depth of their parts, and to call their train about them.

The dialect of the Town has very expreſſively characterized theſe humble dependants on men of fortune by the name of *Hangers-on*. They will, indeed, take ſuch ſure hold, and hang on a man ſo conſtantly, that it is almoſt impoſſible to drop them. Whenever the gentleman appears, the *Hanger-on* is ſure to be at his elbow. They will ſqueeze themſelves into every party that is formed; and I have known inſtances of their thruſting themſelves into ſtrange families, by ſticking to their patron's ſkirts, and impudently introducing themſelves where he has been invited to dinner: which, indeed, I think would not be an improper cuſtom, provided they would ſubmit to ſtand behind his chair. They will ſtick ſo cloſely, that all the adheſive qualities of burs, pitch, &c. ſeem to be collected in them; and the line in Pope's Odyſſey, ſo often ridiculed, may rather be conſidered as emphaſis than tautology in ſpeaking of them. The *Hanger-on* clings to his fool, as Ulyſſes did to the rock, and in Pope's words—

They STICK ADHERENT, and SUSPENDED HANG.

The tenaciousneſs of an *Hanger-on* is ſo very ſtrong, that whoever is drawn into their ſnares, is ſo firmly limed that he can hardly ever looſe himſelf from them. For as nothing but the loweſt meanneſs of ſpirit could ever prevail on a man to ſubmit to ſuch dependance on another, it is in vain to think of getting rid of ſuch abject wretches by treating them with contempt. They will take as much beating, provided you will allow them an equal degree of familiarity, as a ſpaniel. They will alſo ſubmit to do any little offices, and are glad to make themſelves uſeful whenever they have an opportunity. They will go among the brokers to borrow money for you, pimp for you, or ſubmit to any other ſuch gentleman-like employment to ſerve their friend.

It muſt here be noted, that every *Hanger-on* is a perſon of ſtrict honour and a gentleman; for though his fortune is, to be ſure, ſomewhat inferior to your's, and he ſubmits to make himſelf convenient on ſeveral occaſions, yet on that account you are indebted to his infinite good-nature; and all his endeavours to ſerve you proceed from his great regard for you. I remember one of theſe friendly gentlemen, who carried his eſteem ſo far, that in a quarrel with his rich companion, in which he was favoured with ſeveral tweaks by the noſe, and kicks on the breech, he received all theſe injuries with patience, and only ſaid, with tears in his eyes—'Dear Jack, I never expected this uſage 'from you. You know I don't mind 'fighting; but I ſhould never have a 'moment's peace, if I was to do you 'the leaſt injury. Come, Jack, let us 'buſs and be friends.' Their gentility is unqueſtionable; for they are ſeldom of any trade, though they are ſometimes (being younger brothers perhaps) of a profeſſion. I know one who is a nominal lawyer; but though his friend has often feed him, our Counſellor could never with any propriety conſider him as a client. And I know another, who (like Gibbet in the play) is called Captain, whoſe elegant manner of living muſt be ſupported by his being on full pay with his patron, ſince he does not receive even the common ſoldier's groat a day from his commiſſion. However, conſidering at one view the gentility of their profeſſion, and the ſhortneſs of their finances, I often look upon them as a band of decayed gentlemen, the honourable penſioners of thoſe they follow. The great men among the Romans had a number of theſe *Hangers-on*, who attended them wherever they went, and were emphatically called *Umbræ*, or *Shadows*; and, indeed, this appellation conveys a very full idea of the nature of theſe humble retainers to the wealthy, ſince they not only follow them like their ſhadows, but 'like a ſhadow 'prove the ſubſtance true:' for whenever you obſerve one or more of theſe *Umbræ* perpetually at the heels of any gentleman, you may fairly conclude him to be a man of fortune.

Theſe faithful friends are ſo careful of every thing that concerns you, that they always enquire with the greateſt exactneſs into your affairs, and know almoſt as well as your ſteward the income of your eſtate. They are alſo ſo fond of your company, and ſo deſirous of preſerving your good opinion, that an *Hanger-on* will take as much pains to keep you entirely to himſelf, and to prevent a rival in your affections, as a miſtreſs: and as a convenient female is a very neceſſary part of the equipage of a perſon of faſhion, theſe male companions muſt be a very agreeable part of the retinue of thoſe high ſpirited young gentlemen, who are fond of being the head of their company. It is only a more refined taſte in expences to pay a man for laughing at your wit and indulging your humour, and who will either drink his bottle with you at the tavern, or run to the end of the town for you on an errand.

I might alſo take notice of an humbler ſort of *Hangers-on*, who fix themſelves to no one in particular, but faſten upon all their friends in their turns. Their views, indeed, are ſeldom extended beyond a preſent ſubſiſtence; and their utmoſt aim perhaps is to get a dinner. For this purpoſe they keep a regiſter of the hours of dining of all their acquaintance; and though they contrive to call in upon you juſt as you are ſitting down to table, they are always with much difficulty prevailed on to take a chair. If you dine abroad, or are gone into the country, they will eat with your family, to prevent their being melancholy on account of your abſence; or if your family is out, they will breakfaſt, dine, and ſup with you out of charity, becauſe you ſhould not be alone. Every houſe is

haunted

…nted with these disturbers of our …als: and perhaps the best way to get … of them, would be to put them, with … rest of your servants, upon board-…ges.

But besides these danglers after men … fortune, and intruders on your table … town, the country breeds a race of …ly retainers, which may properly be …nked among the same species. Al-…ost every family supports a poor kins-…an; who, happening to be no way re-…ted to the estate, was too proud of his …ood to apply himself in his youth to …y profession, and rather chose to be …pported in laziness at the family-seat. They are, indeed, known perhaps to be cousins to the squire, but do not appear in a more creditable light than his servants out of livery; and sometimes actually submit to as mean offices of drudgery as the groom or whipper-in. The whole fraternity of *Hangers-on*, whether in town or country, or under whatever denomination, are the sons of idleness: for it will be found upon examination, that whenever a man, whose bread depends on his industry, gives himself up to indolence, he becomes capable of any meanness whatever; and if *they cannot dig*, yet, like our *Hangers-on*, *to beg they are not ashamed*.

N° XCVIII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1755.

UT ID OSTENDEREM, QUOD TE ISTI FACILEM PUTANT,
ID NON FIERI EX VERA VITA, NEQUE ADEO EX ÆQUO ET BONO,
SED EX ASSENTANDO, INDULGENDO, ET LARGIENDO.——
TER.

WHAT SHALL WE CALL IT? FOLLY, OR GOOD-NATURE?
SO SOFT, SO SIMPLE, AND SO KIND A CREATURE!
WHERE CHARITY SO BLINDLY PLAYS IT'S PART,
IT ONLY SHEWS THE WEAKNESS OF HER HEART!

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I Have been some years married to one … of the best women in the world. She …osses all the virtues that can be nam-…d: but, alas! she possesses some of …hem to excess. Those which I wish to …articularize, and which are infinitely …ernicious to me and my fortunes, are …er super-abundant Good-nature, and …er boundless Generosity.

It is a little difficult perhaps to ascertain what are, or ought to be, the exact bounds of Good-nature; which, of all virtues, seems to me most necessary to be confined, or at least mitigated in such a manner as to hinder it from destroying it's own excellence and utility. On the one hand, if it is restrained too close, the world will say, that it must entirely lose it's essence: but, on the other hand, fatal experience has convinced me, that if it is permitted to enjoy a full unlimited sway, this amiable virtue becomes a ridiculous vice; and brings with it, as in my wife's case, fruitless expences, ill-judged concessions, and a kind of blind folly, that is always liable to contempt.

Generosity is the daughter of Good-nature. She is very fair and lovely, when under the tuition of Judgment and Reason; but when she escapes from her tutors, and acts indiscriminately, according as her fancy allures her, she subjects herself, like her mother, to sneer, ridicule, and disdain.

To illustrate these assertions by some examples from among the many mishaps, losses, and embarrassments, which have accrued to us in the course of our domestic affairs, give me leave to tell you, that some years ago we had a footboy, who acted as butler, and had the custody of the little plate which our small fortune could afford us. The fellow was awkward, and unfit for the station; but my wife very good-naturedly was determined to keep him in our service, because he intended to marry the nursery-maid, and would undoubtedly make an excellent husband. The rascal was a thief: but as it is ill-natured to suspect people before we have full proof of their knavery, several of his tricks and petty larcenies were attributed to the itinerant Jews and higlers, (we then lived at Newington) who frequently called at our door. At last, however,

after ſeveral rogueries, too evident to all, except the blindly-good-natured, he went off with my wife's gold repeating-watch, and a pair of our beſt ſilver candleſticks, with which he voluntarily tranſported himſelf, as we have been ſince told, to the Weſt Indies; leaving his miſtreſs the nurſery-maid big with child, and thereby giving great licence to the neighbourhood to animadvert upon my wife's amazing preſcience in foreſeeing his excellencies as a huſband.

You muſt know, Sir, that my dear conſort, in the full glow of her goodneſs, is never contented unleſs her ſervants marry each other. All I can argue againſt ſo impolitic a cuſtom has been to no purpoſe: marriage, ſhe ſays, prevents vice, and ſaves ſouls from deſtruction. Perhaps it may: but are no unmarried ſervants to be found in Mr. Fielding's Regiſter-office, or elſewhere, but what are vicious? At leaſt, I am ſure that this piece of ſanctity is very expenſive in it's effects, and is attended with many inconveniencies. One of her maids, about two years ago, was diſcovered to be very intimate with my footman: my wife, to prevent ill-conſequences, haſtened to have them married, and was preſent herſelf at the ceremony. She admired the modeſty of the woman, and the ſober gravity of the man, during the holy rites; and was entirely convinced that no harm could have happened from ſo decent a couple. In a ſhort ſpace after the marriage, Patty brought forth a ſwinging girl; but as it was born almoſt ſix months before it's time, my wife adviſed them to keep it the remaining half year in cotton. She did this purely from a motive of good-nature, to ſhield, if poſſible, the new-married woman's reputation; but finding our neighbours ſneer at the incident, and ſmile contemptuouſly at the preſcription of cotton, ſhe contented herſelf in believing Patty's own account, that in truth ſhe had been married eight months before by a Fleet parſon, but was afraid to own it.

If my wife's indulging her domeſtics in matrimony was productive of no other ill conſequence than merely their being married, it might, indeed, ſometimes prove a benefit: but the chaſter and more ſober they have been before marriage, the greater number of children are produced in matrimony; and my wife looks upon herſelf as in duty obliged to take care of the poor helpleſs offſprings, that have been begotten under her own roof; ſo that I aſſure you, Sir, my houſe is ſo well filled with children that it would put you immediately in mind of the Foundling Hoſpital; with this difference, however, that in my *Hoſpital* not only the children are provided for, whether baſtards or legitimate, but alſo the fathers and mothers.

Your office, Mr. Cenſor, requires and leads you to hear domeſtic occurrences; otherwiſe I ſhould ſcarce have troubled you with the records of a private family, almoſt ruined by excreſcencies of virtue. The ſame overflowing humanity runs through the whole conduct of the dear woman whom I have mentioned. Even in trifles ſhe is full of works of ſupererogation. Our doors are perpetually ſurrounded with beggars, where the halt, the maimed, and the blind, aſſemble in as great numbers, as at the door of the Roman Catholic Chapel in Lincoln's Inn Fields. She not only gives them money, but ſends them out great quantities of bread, beer, and cold victuals; and ſhe has her different *penſioners* (as ſhe herſelf calls them) for every day in the week. But the expence attending theſe out-door petitioners, many of whom have from time to time been diſcovered to be impoſtors, is nothing in compariſon to the ſums that are almoſt daily drawn from her by begging letters. It is impoſſible to imagine a calamity, by which ſhe has not been a ſufferer, in relieving thoſe who have extorted money from her by pretended misfortunes. The poor lady has been much hurt by loſſes in trade, ſuſtained great damages by fire, undergone many hardſhips from ſickneſs, and other unforeſeen accidents; and it was but yeſterday that ſhe paid a long apothecary's bill, brought on by a violent fever. Thus, Sir, though my wife keeps but little company, and the family expences are to all appearance very ſmall, yet this dear woman's ſuperabundant Good-nature is ſuch a perpetual drawback on her œconomy, that we run out conſiderably. This extravagant and ill-judged Generoſity renders all her numerous excellencies of none effect: and I have often known her almoſt deſtitute of cloaths, becauſe ſhe had diſtributed her whole wardrobe among lyars, ſycophants, and hypocrites.

Thus,

Thus, Sir, as briefly as I can, I have ſet before you my unhappy caſe. I am periſhing by degrees; not by any real extravagance, any deſigned ruin, or any indulgence of luxury and riot, in the perſon who deſtroys me. On the contrary, no woman can excel my wife in the ſimplicity of her dreſs, the humility of her deſires, or the contented eaſineſs of her nature. What name, Sir, ſhall I give to my misfortunes? They proceed not from vice, nor even from folly: they proceed from too tender a heart; a heart that hurries away, or abſorbs all judgment or reflection. To call theſe errors the fruits of Good-nature, is too mild a definition: and yet, to give them an harſher appellation, is unkind. Let me ſuffer what I will, I muſt kiſs the dear hand that ruins me.

In my tender hours of ſpeculation I would willingly impute my wife's faults to our climate, and the natural diſpoſition of our natives. When the Engliſh are good-natured, they are generally ſo to exceſs: and as I have not ſeen this particular character delineated in any of your papers, I have endeavoured to paint it myſelf; and ſhall draw to the concluſion of my letter by one piece of advice, 'Not to be GENEROUS over-'much.' The higheſt acts of Generoſity are ſeldom repaid in any other coin but baſeneſs and ingratitude: and we ought ever to remember, that, out of ten lepers cleanſed, 'one only came back 'to return thanks; the reſt were made 'whole, and went their way.'

I am, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

TIMON OF LONDON.

Nº XCIX. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1755.

DEA VENIAM, SERVIRE TUIS QUOD NOLO CALENDIS.

MART.

THY WORKS, O WING, O PARTRIDGE, I DESPISE,
AND ROBIN'S FOR THE POOR, AND RYDER'S FOR THE WISE.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

AT this ſeaſon of the year, while the ſtreets reſound with the cry of 'New Almanacks,' and every ſtall is covered with News from the Stars, Diaries, Predictions, Compleat Ephemerides, &c. drawn up by Partridge, Parker, Vincent Wing, and the reſt of the ſagacious body of Philomaths and Aſtrologers, give me leave to acquaint you of my intentions of appearing annually in a like capacity. You muſt know, Sir, that having obſerved, that among the great variety of Almanacks now publiſhed, there is not one contrived for the uſe of people of faſhion, I have reſolved to remedy this defect by publiſhing one every year under the title of the Court Calendar, calculated for the Meridian of St. James's.

The plan which has been hitherto followed by our Almanack-makers, can be of no uſe whatever to the polite world, who are as widely ſeparated, in their manner of living, from the common herd of people, as the inhabitants of the Antipodes. To know the exact Riſing and Setting of the Sun, may ſerve to direct the vulgar tradeſman and mechanic when to open ſhop or go to work: but perſons of faſhion, whoſe hours are not marked by the courſe of that luminary, are indifferent about it's motions; and, like thoſe who live under the Equinoctial Line, have their days and nights of an equal degree of length all the year round. The Red-letter-days, pointed out in our common Almanacks, may perhaps be obſerved by ſome formal ladies, who regulate their going to church by them: but people of quality perceive no difference between the Moveable or Immoveable Feaſts and Faſts, and know no uſe of Sunday, but as it ſerves to call them to the card-table. What advantage can a beau reap from Rider's Liſt of the Fairs, which can only be of ſervice to his groom? Or what uſe can any gentleman or lady make of thoſe Diaries now inſcribed to them, which are filled with Algebra and the Mathematics? In a word, the preſent uncouth way of dividing the months into Saints Days, Sundays, and the like, is no more adapted to the preſent modes of polite life, than the Roman diviſion into Ides, Nones, and Calends.

Inſtead

Inſtead of ſuppoſing with the vulgar tribe of Aſtronomers, that the day begins at Sunriſe, my day, which will commence at the time that it uſually breaks into faſhionable apartments, will be determined by the Riſing of people of quality. Thus the morning dawns with early riſers between eleven and twelve; and noon commences at four, when, at this time of the year, the dinner and wax-lights come in together. For want of a thorough knowledge of the diſtribution of the day, all who have any connection with the polite world might be guilty of many miſtakes; and when an honeſt man from Cornhill intended a nobleman a viſit after dinner, he would perhaps find him ſipping his morning chocolate. The inconveniencies of the Old Stile in our manner of reckoning the days were ſo manifeſt, that it was thought proper to amend them by Act of Parliament. I am reſolved, in like manner, to introduce the New Stile of dividing the Hours into my Almanack: for can any thing be more abſurd than to fix the name of morning, noon, and evening, at preſent at the ſame hours, which bore thoſe appellations in the reign of Queen Elizabeth? A Ducheſs is ſo far from dining at eleven, that it often happens, that Her Grace has not then opened her eyes on the tea-table; and a Maid of Honour would no more riſe at five or ſix in the morning, as it was called by the early dames of Queen Beſs's court, than ſhe would, in imitation of thoſe dames, breakfaſt upon ſtrong beer and beef-ſteaks. Indeed, in thoſe houſes where the hours of quality are obſerved by one part of the family, the impolite irregularity of the other, in adhering to the Old Stile, occaſions great diſturbance; for, as Lady Townly ſays—'Such a 'houſe is worſe than an inn with ten 'ſtage-coaches. What between the 'impertinent people of buſineſs in a '*morning*, and the intolerable thick 'ſhoes of footmen at *noon*, one has not 'a wink of ſleep all *night*.'

The reformation which I have alſo made in reſpect to the Red-letter-days is no leſs conſiderable. I have not only wiped away that immenſe catalogue of Saints which croud the Popiſh Calendar, but have alſo blotted out all the other Saints that ſtill retain their places in our common Almanacks: well knowing, that perſons of faſhion pay as little attention to the Apoſtles and Evangeliſts, as to St. Mildred, St. Bridget, or St. Winifred. Indeed, I retain the old name of St. John, becauſe I am ſure that people of quality will not think of any body's being deſigned under that title, except the late Lord Bolingbroke. Having thus diſcharged the Saints, *people whom nobody knows*, I have taken care to introduce my readers into the beſt company: for the Red-letters in my Calendar will ſerve to diſtinguiſh thoſe days on which ladies of the firſt faſhion keep their routs and viſiting-days; a work of infinite uſe, as well to the perſons of diſtinction themſelves, as to all thoſe who have any intercourſe with the polite world. That ſeaſon of the year, commonly diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of Lent, which implies a time of faſting, I ſhall conſider, according to it's real ſignification in the *beau monde*, as a yearly feſtival; and ſhall, therefore, mention it under the denomination of The Carnival. The propriety of this will be evident at firſt ſight; ſince nothing is ſo plain, as that, at this ſeaſon, all kinds of diverſion and jollity are at their height in this metropolis. Inſtead of the *Man in the Almanack*, I at firſt intended (in imitation of Mr. Dodſley's Memorandum Book) to delineate the figure of a Fine Gentleman, dreſſed *à la mode*: but I was at length determined, by the advice of ſome ingenious friends, to ſuffer the old picture to remain there; ſince, as it appears to be run through the body in ſeveral places, it may not improperly repreſent that faſhionable character, a Duelliſt.

In the place which is allotted in other Almanacks for the Change of Weather, (as hail, froſt, ſnow, cloudy, and the like) I ſhall ſet down the Change of Dreſs, appropriated to different ſeaſons, and ranged under the titles of Hats, Capuchins, Cardinals, Sacks, Negligees, Gauze Handkerchiefs, Ermine Tippets, Muffs, &c. and in a parallel column (according to the cuſtom of other Almanacks) I ſhall point out the ſeveral parts of the body affected by theſe changes; ſuch as head, neck, breaſt, ſhoulders, face, hands, feet, legs, &c. And as Mr. Rider accompanies every month with ſeaſonable Cautions about ſowing turnips, raiſing cabbages, bloodletting, and the like important articles,

I ſhall

I ſhall give ſuch directions as are moſt ſuitable to the *beau monde*: as a ſpecimen of which, I ſhall beg leave to lay before you the following

OBSERVATIONS ON THE MONTH OF MAY.

If the ſeaſon proves favourable, it will be proper at the beginning of this month to attend to the Cultivation of your Public Gardens. Trim your trees, put your walks in order, look to your lamps, have ballads written, and ſet to muſic, for the enſuing ſummer. Ladies and gentlemen muſt be careful not to catch cold in croſſing the water, or by expoſing themſelves to the damp air in the Dark Walk at Vauxhall.

Towards the middle of this month the air at both play-houſes will begin to be too cloſe and ſultry for ladies that paint, to riſk the loſs of their complexion in them.

About the end of this month it will be expedient for thoſe ladies, who are apt to be hyſterical, when the town empties, to prepare for their removal to Tunbridge, Cheltenham, and Scarborough, for the benefit of the waters.

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

W TYCHO COURTLY.

N° C. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1755.

ILICET PARASITICÆ ARTI MAXIMAM IN MALAM CRUCEM!
ABEO AB ILLIS, POSTQUAM VIDEO ME SIC LUDIFICARIER.
PERGO AD ALIOS: VENIO AD ALIOS: DEINDE AD ALIOS:
UNA RES. PLAUT.

LET TYBURN TAKE THE FLATTERERS AND THEIR ARTS;
TO FOOLS A MAYGAME I, A MAN OF PARTS:
PULL'D BY THE NOSE BY ONE; I'M KICK'D BY T'OTHER;
AND EACH SWORN FOOL, I SWEAR, HAS HIS SWORN BROTHER.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I Am one of thoſe idle people (of whom you have lately given an account) who not being bred to any buſineſs, or able to get a livelihood by work, have taken up the ſervile trade of a *Hanger-on*. But as you have only juſt touched on the many dangers and difficulties incident to this way of life, in order to illuſtrate this part of the character, give me leave to preſent you with a narrative of my own adventures.

I firſt ſerved my time with an old nobleman in the country; and as I was a diſtant relation of his lordſhip's, I was admitted to the honour of attending him in the double capacity of valet and apothecary. My buſineſs in a morning was to wait on him at dreſſing-time; to hold the baſon while he waſhed his hands, buckled his ſhoes, and tie on his neck-cloth: beſides which, his lordſhip had ſuch a regard for me, that nobody but myſelf was ever truſted with cutting his corns, or paring his toe-nails; and whenever he was ſick, it was always my office to hold his head during the operation of an emetic, to attend him in the water-cloſet when he took a cathartic, and ſometimes to adminiſter a clyſter. If his lordſhip had no company, I was, indeed, permitted to ſit at table with him; but when he received any viſitors more grand than ordinary, I was equipped (together with ſome of the beſt-looking tenants) in a tye-wig, full-trimmed coat, and laced waiſtcoat, in order to ſwell the retinue of his ſervants out of livery. I bore my ſlavery with the greateſt degree of patience; as my lord would often hint to me, that I was provided for in his will: however, I had the mortification to find myſelf ſupplanted in his good graces by the Chaplain, who had always looked upon me as his rival, and contrived at length to out-wheedle, out-fawn, and out-cringe me. In a word, my lord died:—and while the Chaplain (who conſtantly prayed by him during his laſt illneſs) had the conſolation of having a good benefice ſecured to him in the will, my name was huddled among thoſe of the common ſervants, with no higher legacy than twenty guineas to buy mourning.

With this ſmall pittance, (beſides what I had made a ſhift to ſqueeze out of

of the tenants and tradeſmen, as fees for my good word when I had his lordſhip's ear) I came up to town, and embarked all I was worth in fitting myſelf out as a gentleman. Soon after, as good luck would have it, the nephew and heir of the old lord came from abroad; when I contrived to get into his favour by abuſing his deceaſed uncle, and faſtened myſelf upon him. It is true, he ſupported me; admitted me into an equal ſhare of his purſe; but conſidering the dangers to which I was conſtantly expoſed on his account, I regarded his bounties as only plaiſters to my ſores. My head, back, and ribs, have received many a payment, which ſhould have been placed to his lordſhip's account: and I once narrowly eſcaped being hanged for murdering a poor fellow whom my lord in a frolic had run through the body. My patron, among other marks of his taſte, kept a miſtreſs; and I, as his particular crony, and a man of honour, was allowed to viſit her. It happened one evening he unluckily ſurpriſed us in ſome unguarded familiarities together: but my lord was ſo far from being enraged at it, that he only kicked madam down ſtairs, and very coolly kicked me down after her.

I was thrown now upon the wide world again: but as I never wanted aſſurance, I ſoon made myſelf very familiarly acquainted with a young gentleman from Ireland, who was juſt come over to England to ſpend his eſtate here. I muſt own, I had ſome difficulty in keeping on good terms with this new friend; as I had ſo many of his own countrymen to contend with, who all claimed a right of acquaintance with him, and ſome of them even pretended to be related to him. Beſides, they all perſuaded the young ſquire, that they had fortunes in different parts of Ireland; though not one of them had any real eſtate more than myſelf: and, indeed, I alſo had a nominal 1500*l.* *per ann.* in the Weſt Indies. Theſe furious fellows (for, Sir, they would all fight) gave me much trouble: however, I found out my young friend's foible, and in ſpite of his countrymen became his inſeparable companion. He was not only very fond of women, but had a particular paſſion for new faces: and to humour this inclination, I was perpetually on the look-out to diſcover freſh pieces for him. I brought him mantua-makers, milliners, and ſervant-maids in abundance; and at length grew ſo great a favourite, by having prevailed on one of my own couſins to comply with his propoſals, that I verily believe he would ſoon have made me eaſy for life in an handſome annuity, if he had not been unfortunately run through the body in a duel by one of his own countrymen.

I next got in favour with an old colonel of the Guards, who happened to take a fancy to me one evening at the Tilt Yard Coffee-houſe, for having carried off a pint bumper more than a lieutenant of a man of war that had challenged my toaſt. As his ſole delight was centered in the bottle, all he required of me was to drink glaſs for glaſs with him; which I readily complied with, as he always paid my reckoning. When ſober, he was the beſt humoured man in the world: but he was very apt to be quarrelſome and extremely miſchievous when in liquor. He has more than once flung a bottle at my head, and emptied the contents of a bowl of punch in my face: ſometimes he has diverted himſelf by ſetting fire to my ruffles, ſhaking the aſhes of his pipe over my periwig, or making a thruſt at me with the red-hot poker: and I remember he once ſouſed me all over with the urine of the whole company, by clapping a large pewter Jordan topſy-turvy upon my head. All theſe indignities I very patiently put up with, as he was ſure to make me double amends for them the next morning: and I was very near procuring a commiſſion in the army through his intereſt, when to my great diſappointment he was ſuddenly carried off by an apoplexy.

You will be ſurpriſed when I tell you, that I next contrived to ſqueeze myſelf into the good opinion of a rich old curmudgeon, a city-merchant, and one of the Circumciſed. He could have no objection to my religion, as I uſed to ſpend every Sunday with him at his country-houſe, where I preferred playing at cards to going to church. Nor could I, indeed, get any thing out of him beyond a dinner: but I had higher points in view. As he had nobody to inherit his fortune but an only daughter, (who was kept always in the country) I became ſo deſperately in love with her, that I would even have turned Jew to obtain her: but inſtead of that, I very fooliſh-

ly

made a Chriſtian of her; and we were rivately married at the Fleet. When came to break the matter to the father, nd to make an apology for having con-erted her, he received me with a loud ugh—'Sir,' ſays he, 'if my child had married the Devil, he ſhould have had every penny that was her due: but, as ſhe is only my Baſtard, the law cannot oblige me to give her a farthing.'

This I found to be too true: and very happily for me my Chriſtian wife had ſo little regard for her new religion, that ſhe again became an apoſtate, and was taken into keeping (to which I readily gave my conſent) by one of her own tribe and complexion. I ſhall not tire you with a particular detail of what has happened to me ſince: I ſhall only acquaint you, that I have exactly followed the precept of 'becoming all things to 'all men.' I was once ſupported very ſplendidly by a young rake of quality for my wit in talking blaſphemy, and ridiculing the Bible, till my patron ſhot himſelf through the head; and I lived at bed and board with an old Methodiſt lady for near a twelvemonth, on account of my zeal for the New Doctrine, till one of the maid-ſervants wickedly laid a child to me. At preſent, Mr. Town, I am quite out of employ; having juſt loſt a very profitable place which I held under a great man, in quality of his pimp. My diſgrace was owing to the baſeneſs of an old Covent Garden acquaintance, whom I palmed upon his honour for an innocent creature juſt come out of the country: but the huſſy was ſo ungrateful, as to beſtow on both of us convincing marks of her thorough knowledge of the town. I am, Sir,

Your very humble ſervant,

PETER SUPPLE.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I Have a little God-daughter in the country, to whom every year I ſend ſome diverting and inſtructive book for a New-Year's Gift: I would therefore beg you to recommend to me one fit for the purpoſe; which will oblige your humble ſervant,

T—— W——.

TO MR. T—— W——.

SIR,

I Know no book ſo fit for your purpoſe as the Connoiſſeur, lately publiſhed in *Two Pocket Volumes*; which I would further recommend to all Fathers and Mothers, Grand-fathers and Grand-mothers, Uncles and Aunts, God-fathers and God-mothers, to give to their Sons and Daughters, Grand-ſons and Grand-daughters, Nephews and Nieces, God-ſons and God-daughters—as being undoubtedly the beſt preſent at this ſeaſon of the year, that can poſſibly be thought of.

TOWN, CONNOISSEUR.

N. B. Large allowance to thoſe who buy quantities to give away.

T

Nº CI. THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1756.

——JANIQUE BIFRONTIS IMAGO.

VIRG.

IN TWO-FAC'D JANUS WE THIS MORAL FIND;
WHILE WE LOOK FORWARD, WE SHOULD LOOK BEHIND.

AS the appointed time of our publication now happens to fall on New-year's-day, I cannot open the buſineſs of the year with a better grace, than by taking the preſent hour for the ſubject of this paper: a ſubject which pleaſes me the more, as it alſo gives me an opportunity of paying my readers the compliments of the ſeaſon, and moſt ſincerely wiſhing them all 'a happy 'new year, and a great many of them.' But, in order to make theſe civilities of more conſequence than a bare compliment, I will alſo endeavour to give them a little wholeſome advice; by which they may be moſt likely to enſure to themſelves that happineſs, and to go through the enſuing year with eaſe and tranquillity.

No god in the heathen Pantheon was expreſſed by more proper emblems, or more ſignificantly repreſented, than Ja-

nus; whom we may fairly ſtile in our language, the God of the New Year. The medals, on which the image of this Deity was engraved, bore two faces, not ogling each other, like thoſe on the ſhillings of Philip and Mary, nor cheek by jowl like the double viſage on the coin of William and Mary, but turned from each other; one looking forwards, as it were, into futurity, and the other taking a retroſpective view of what was paſt. There cannot be deviſed a ſtronger, or more ſenſible leſſon of moral inſtruction, than this figure teaches us. This double view comprehends in itſelf the ſum of human prudence; for the moſt perfect reaſon can go no higher than wiſely to gueſs at the future, by reflecting on the paſt; and morality is never ſo likely to perſevere in a ſteady and uniform courſe, as when it ſets out with a fixed determination of mutually regulating the New Year by a recollection of the Old, and at the ſame time making the ſucceeding a comment on the laſt.

Moſt of the faults in the general conduct of mankind, and their frequent miſcarriages in their moſt favourite enterprizes, will be found, upon examination, to reſult from an imperfect and partial view of what relates to their duty or undertakings. Some regulate their actions by blind gueſs, and raſhly preſuming on the future, without the leaſt attention to the paſt. With theſe the impetuoſity of the paſſions gives their reaſon no ſcope to exert itſelf, but, neglecting the premiſes, they jump to a concluſion. Others, who are often taken for men of deep reflection and marvellous underſtanding, meditate ſo profoundly on the paſt, that they ſcarce take any notice either of the preſent or the future. To theſe two characters, whoſe miſconduct ariſes from two ſuch contrary ſources, may indeed be added a third, whoſe wild irregular behaviour is founded on no fixed principles, but proceeds from a total abſence of thought and reflection. Theſe eaſy creatures act entirely at random, neither troubling themſelves with what has been, what is, or what will be; and, as the image of Janus ſeems to bear two heads, theſe thoughtleſs vacant animals may almoſt be ſaid to have no head at all.

But that the neceſſity of taking this comprehenſive view of our affairs may appear in the ſtronger light, let us conſider the many difficulties, in which men of any the above characters are involved, from a total neglect or partial ſurvey of matters that ſhould influence their conduct. The firſt ſort of men, who nouriſh great expectations from the future, and ſuffer hope to lay their prudence to ſleep, are very common: indeed, almoſt every man, like the dairy-maid with her pail of milk, pleaſes himſelf with calculating the advantages he ſhall reap from his undertakings. There is ſcarce a ſervitor at either univerſity, who, when he takes orders, does not think it more than poſſible he may one day be a biſhop, or at leaſt head of a college, though perhaps at firſt he is glad to ſnap at a curacy. Every walking attendant on our hoſpitals flatters himſelf that a few years will ſettle him in high practice and a chariot: and among thoſe few gentlemen of the inns of court, who really deſerve the name of ſtudents, there is hardly one who ſits down to Lord Coke without imagining that he may himſelf, ſome time or other, be Lord Chancellor. At this early period of life theſe vain hopes may perhaps ſerve as ſpurs to diligence and virtue; but what ſhall we ſay to thoſe people, who, in ſpite of experience and repeated diſappointments, ſtill place their chief dependance on groundleſs expectations from their future fortune! This town ſwarms with people who rely almoſt ſolely on contingencies: and our gaols are often filled with wretches who brought on their own poverty and misfortunes by promiſing themſelves great profit from ſome darling ſcheme, which has at laſt been attended with bankruptcy. The preſent extravagance of many of our ſpendthrifts is built on ſome ideal riches, of which they are ſoon to be in poſſeſſion; and which they are laying out as freely as the girl in the farce ſquanders the ten thouſand pounds ſhe was to get in the lottery. I am myſelf acquainted with a young fellow, who had great expectations from an old uncle. He had ten thouſand pounds of his own in ready money; and as the old gentleman was of an infirm conſtitution, and turned of ſixty, the nephew very conſiderately computed, that his uncle could hardly laſt above five years, during which time he might go on very genteelly at the rate of 2000l. *per ann.* However, the old gentleman held together above ſeven years, the two laſt of which our young

ſpark

ſpark had no conſolation but the daily hopes of his uncle's death. The happy hour at length arrived; the will was tore open with rapture; when, alas! the fond youth diſcovered, that he had never once reflected, that though he had a ticket in the wheel, it might poſſibly come up a blank, and had the mortification to find himſelf diſinherited.

I ſhall not dwell ſo particularly on the ridiculous folly of thoſe profound ſpeculatiſts, who fix their attention entirely on what is paſt, without making their reflections of ſervice either for the preſent or the future, becauſe it is not a very common or tempting ſpecies of abſurdity: but ſhall rather adviſe the reader to conſider the time paſt as the ſchool of experience from which he may draw the moſt uſeful leſſons for his future conduct. This kind of retroſpect would teach us to provide with foreſight againſt the calamities to which our inexperience has hitherto expoſed us, though at the ſame time it would not throw us ſo far back, as to keep us lagging, like the Old Stile, behind the reſt of the world. To ſay the truth, thoſe ſage perſons who are given to ſuch deep reflection, as to let to-day and to-morrow paſs unregarded by meditating on yeſterday, are as ridiculous in their conduct as country beaux in their dreſs, who adopt the two modes juſt after they are become unfaſhionable in London.

But there is no taſk ſo difficult as to infuſe ideas into a brain hitherto entirely unaccuſtomed to thinking: for how can we warn a man to avoid the misfortunes which may hereafter befal him, or to improve by the calamities he has already ſuffered, whoſe actions are not the reſult of thought, or guided by experience? Theſe perſons are, indeed, of all others, the moſt to be pitied. They are prodigal and abandoned in their conduct, and by vicious exceſſes ruin their conſtitution, till at length poverty and death ſtare them in the face at the ſame time; or if, unfortunately, their crazy frame holds together after the utter deſtruction of their fortune, they finiſh a thoughtleſs life by an act of deſperation, and a piſtol puts an end to their miſeries.

Since then good fortune cannot be expected to fall into our laps, and it requires ſome thought to enſure to ourſelves a likelihood of ſucceſs in our undertakings, let us look back with attention on the Old Year, and gather inſtructions from it in what manner to conduct ourſelves through the New. Let us alſo endeavour to draw from it a leſſon of morality: and I hope it will not be thought too ſolemn a concluſion of this paper, if I adviſe my readers to carry this reflection even into religion. This train of thought, that teaches us at once to reflect on the paſt, and look forward to the future, will alſo naturally lead us to look up with awe and admiration towards that Being who has exiſted from all eternity, and ſhall exiſt world without end. No conſideration can give us a more exalted idea of the Power who firſt created us, and whoſe providence is always over us. Let us then conſider with attention this pagan image, by which we may add force to our morality, and prudence to our ordinary conduct; nor let us bluſh to receive a leſſon from Heathens, which may animate our zeal and reverence for the Author of Chriſtianity. G

Nº CII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1756.

——PATER! NEC JAM PATER——

OVID.

O SHAME TO ANCESTRY! HIS GRACE'S SON
OWES HIS VILE BIRTH TO HARRY OR TO JOHN.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

IT has been my good fortune to be born of a family that is recorded in the Herald's Dictionary as one of the moſt ancient in the kingdom. We are ſuppoſed to have come into England with William the Conqueror. Upon my acceſſion ſome years ago to my elder brother's eſtate and title of a Baronet, I received a viſit from Rouge Dragon, Eſquire, Purſuivant at Arms, to congratulate me upon my new rank of a *Vavaſour*, and to know whether I ſhould chuſe to bear the *Dexter Baſe Points of*

the Lady Iſabel's Saltire in Chief, or only her *Sinifter Corners*; ſhe being one of the ſeventeen coheireſſes of my great great great great great grandfather's fourth wife Dorothy, the daughter and ſole heireſs of Simon de la Frogpool of Croakham in Suffolk. This unexpected viſit muſt have diſconcerted me to an invincible degree, if upon recollection I had not only remembered Mr. Rouge Dragon as a conſtant companion to my late brother, but as a kind of tutor in initiating him into the Science of Heraldry, and the Civil and Military Atchievements, to which our nobility and gentry are entitled. As ſoon, therefore, as I could recover myſelf from my firſt ſurprize in hearing an unknown Engliſh language, I humbly thanked Mr. Dragon for the pains he had taken in conſidering my Coat of Arms ſo minutely, but hoped he would give himſelf no farther trouble upon my account; becauſe I was fully determined to *bear* the plain *Shield* of my grandfather Peter, without taking the leaſt notice of Lady Iſabel's *Saltire in Chief*, or even of her *Sinifter Corners*.

Be it to my ſhame or not, I muſt confeſs that Heraldy is a Science which I have never much cultivated: nor do I find it very prevalent among the faſhionable ſtudies of the age. Arms, and Armorial Tokens, may, I ſuppoſe, be regularly diſtinguiſhed, and properly emblazoned, upon the family plate to which they belong: but I have obſerved of late, that theſe honourable enſigns are not confined entirely to their proper owners, but are uſurped by every body who thinks fit to take them; inſomuch that there is ſcarce an hackney coach in London which is not in poſſeſſion of a Ducal Creſt, an Earl's Coronet, or a Baronet's Bloody Hand. This, indeed, has often given me great offence, as it reflects a ſcandal on our nobility and gentry; and I cannot but think it very indecent for a Duke's coach to be ſeen waiting at a night cellar, or for a Counteſs's landau to ſet down ladies at the door of a common bawdy-houſe. I remember I was one morning diſturbed at my breakfaſt by a faſhionable rap at my door; when looking out at my window, I ſaw the coach of the Lady Dowager —— drawn up before it. I was extremely ſurprized at ſo early and unexpected a viſit from her Ladyſhip; and while I was preparing to receive her, I overheard her ladyſhip at high words with her coachman in my entry; when ſtepping to the ſtair-caſe, I found that the coachman, and her ladyſhip, repreſented in the perſon of one of my houſe-maids, were ſquabbling together about ſixpence. This badge of nobility, aſſumed at random according to the fancy of the coach-painter, I have found inconvenient on other occaſions: for I once travelled from London to Derby in an hired chariot finely ornamented with a Viſcount's cypher and coronet; by which noble circumſtance I was compelled in every inn to pay as a Lord, though I was not at that time even a ſimple Baronet, or (in the language of my friend Mr. Dragon) arrived to the dignity of a *Vavaſour*.

I have ſometimes doubted, whether nobility and high rank are of that real advantage which they are generally eſteemed to be: and I am almoſt inclined to think, that they anſwer no deſirable end, but as far as they indulge our vanity and oſtentation. A long roll of ennobled anceſtors makes, I confeſs, a very alluring appearance. To ſee coronet after coronet paſſing before our view in an uninterrupted ſucceſſion, is the moſt ſoothing proſpect that perhaps can preſent itſelf to the eye of human pride: the exultation that we feel upon ſuch a review, takes riſe in a viſionary and ſecret piece of flattery, that as glorious, and as long, or even a longer line of future coronets may ſpring from ourſelves, as have deſcended from our Anceſtors. We read in Virgil, that Anchiſes, to inſpire his ſon with the propereſt incitements to virtue, ſhews him a long race of kings, emperors, and heroes, to whom Æneas is fore-doomed to give their origin; and the miſery of Macbeth is made by Shakeſpeare to proceed leſs from the conſciouſneſs of guilt, than from the diſappointed pride that none of his own race ſhall ſucceed him in the throne.

The pride of anceſtry, and the deſire of continuing our lineage, when they tend to an incitement of virtuous and noble actions, are undoubtedly laudable; and I ſhould perhaps have indulged myſelf in the pleaſing reflection, had not a particular ſtory in a French Novel, which I lately met with, put a ſtop to all vain glories that can poſſibly be deduced from a long race of progenitors.

'A Nobleman of an ancient houſe, of

very

very high rank and great fortune,' ſays the Novelliſt, 'died ſuddenly, and without being permitted to ſtop at Purgatory, was ſent down immediately into Hell. He had not been long there, before he met with his coachman Thomas, who, like his noble maſter, was gnaſhing his teeth among the damned. Thomas, ſurprized to behold his lordſhip amidſt the ſharpers, thieves, pickpockets, and all the *canaille* of Hell, ſtarted, and cried out in a tone of admiration—"Is it poſſible, that I ſee my late maſter among Lucifer's tribe of beggars, "rogues, and pilferers! How much am "I aſtoniſhed to find your lordſhip in "this place! Your lordſhip! whoſe ge"nerolity was ſo great, whoſe affluent "houſekeeping drew ſuch crowds of "nobility, gentry, and friends to your "table, and within your gates; and "whoſe fine taſte employed ſuch num"bers of poor in your gardens, by "building temples and obeliſks, and "by forming lakes of water, that ſeem"ed to vie with the largeſt oceans of "the creation! Pray, my lord, if I "may be ſo bold, what crime has "brought your lordſhip into this curſed "aſſembly?"—"Ah, Thomas," replied his lordſhip, with his uſual condeſcenſion, "I have been ſent hither "for having defrauded my royal ma"ſter, and cheating the widows and "fatherleſs, ſolely to enrich, and pur"chaſe titles, honours, and eſtates, for "that ungrateful raſcal, my only ſon. "But prithee, Thomas, tell me, as "thou didſt always ſeem to be an ho"neſt, careful, ſober ſervant, what "brought thee hither?"—"Alas! my "noble lord," replied Thomas, "I was "ſent hither for begetting that ſon!"

I am, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

REGINALD FITZWORM.

I muſt agree with my correſpondent, that the ſtudy of Heraldry is at preſent in very little repute among us: and our nobility are more anxious about preſerving the genealogy of their horſes, than of their own family. Whatever value their progenitors may have formerly ſet upon their Blood, it is now found to be of no value, when put into the ſcale and weighed againſt ſolid *plebeian* gold: nor would the moſt illuſtrious deſcendant from Cadwallader, or the Iriſh Kings, ſcruple to debaſe his lineage by an alliance with the daughter of a city-plumb, though all her anceſtors were yeomen, and none of her family ever *bore arms*. Titles of quality, when the owners have no other merit to recommend them, are of no more eſtimation then thoſe which the courtſey of the vulgar has beſtowed on the deformed; and when I look over a long Tree of Deſcent, I ſometimes fancy I can diſcover the real characters of Sharpers, Reprobates, and Plunderers of their country, concealed under the titles of Dukes, Earls, and Viſcounts.

It is well known, that the very ſervants, in the abſence of their maſters, aſſume the ſame titles; and Tom or Harry, the footman or groom of his Grace, is always *my Lord Duke* in the kitchen or ſtables. For this reaſon, I have thought proper to preſent my reader with the Pedigree of a Footman, drawn up in the ſame ſounding titles as are ſo pompouſly diſplayed on theſe occaſions: and I dare ſay, it will appear no leſs illuſtrious than the pedigrees of many families which are neither celebrated for their actions, nor diſtinguiſhed by their virtues.

The Family of the Skips, or Skip-kennels, is very ancient and noble. The founder of it, Maitre Jacques, came into England with the Ducheſs of Mazarine. He was ſon of a Prince of the Blood, his mother one of the Meſdames of France: this family is therefore related to the moſt illuſtrious *Maitres d'Hotel* and *Valets de Chambre* of that kingdom. Jacques had iſſue two Sons, viz. Robert and Paul; of whom Paul, the youngeſt, was inveſted with the purple before he was eighteen, and made a Biſhop, and ſoon after became an Archbiſhop. Robert, the elder, came to be a Duke, but died without iſſue: Paul, the Archbiſhop, left behind him an only daughter, Barbara, baſe-born, who was afterwards Maid of Honour; and intermarrying with a Lord of the Bed-chamber, had a very numerous iſſue by him; viz. Rebecca, born a week after their marriage, and died young; Joſeph, firſt a Squire, afterwards Knighted, High Sheriff of a County, and Colonel of the Militia; Peter, raiſed from a Cabin Boy to a Lord of the Admiralty; William, a Faggot in the Firſt Regiment of Guards, and a Brigadier; Thomas, at firſt an Earl's Eldeſt Son, and afterwards a Brewer, and Lord Mayor of the City of London. The ſeveral

branches

branches of this family were no leſs diſtinguiſhed for their illuſtrious progeny. Jacques, the founder, firſt quartered lace on his coat, and Robert added the ſhoulder-knot. Some of them, indeed, met with great trouble: Archbiſhop Paul loſt his See for getting a cook-maid with child; Barbara, the Maid of Honour, was diſmiſſed with a big belly; Brigadier William was killed by a Chairman in a pitched battle at an ale-houſe; the Lord of the Admiralty was tranſported for ſeven years; and Duke Robert had the misfortune to be hanged at Tyburn.

N° CIII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1756.

——NIHIL VIDETUR MUNDIUS. TER.

THE HOUSE SO NEAT, SO NICE WITHIN,
'TIS PITY WE SHOULD ENTER IN.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I Am married to a lady of a very nice and delicate diſpoſition, who is cried up by all the good women of her acquaintance, for being the *Neateſt Body in her Houſe* they ever knew. This, Sir, is my grievance: this extraordinary Neatneſs is ſo very troubleſome and diſguſting to me, that I proteſt I had rather lodge in a carrier's inn, or take up my abode with the horſes in the ſtables.

It muſt be confeſſed that a due regard to Neatneſs and Cleanlineſs is as neceſſary to be obſerved in our habitations as our perſons: but though I ſhould not chuſe to have my hands begrimed like a chimney-ſweeper's, I would not, like the ſuperſtitious Mahometans, waſh them ſix times a day; and though I ſhould be loth to roll in a pig-ſtye, yet I do not like to have my houſe rendered uſeleſs to me under the pretence of keeping it clean.

For my own part, I cannot ſee the difference between having an houſe that is always dirty, and an houſe that is always to be cleaned. I could very willingly compound to be waſhed out of my home, with other maſters of families, every Saturday night: but my wife is ſo very notable, that the ſame cleanſing work muſt be repeated every day in the week. All the morning long I am ſure to be entertained with the domeſtic concert of ſcrubbing the floors, ſcouring the irons, and beating the carpets; and I am conſtantly haunted from room to room, while one is to be duſted, another dry-rubbed, another waſhed, and another run over with a dry mop. Thus, indeed, I may be ſaid to live in continual dirtineſs, that my houſe may be clean; for during theſe nice operations every apartment is ſtowed with ſoap, brick-duſt, ſand, ſcrubbing-bruſhes, hair-brooms, rag-mops, and diſh-clouts.

You may ſuppoſe that the greateſt care is taken to prevent the leaſt ſpeck of dirt from ſoiling the floors. For this reaſon all that come to our houſe (beſides the ceremony of ſcraping at the door) are obliged to rub their ſhoes for half an hour on a large ragged mat at the entrance; and then they muſt ſtraddle their way along ſeveral leſſer mats, ranged at due diſtances from each other in the paſſage, and (like boys at play) come into the room with an hop, a ſtep, and a jump. The like caution is uſed by all the family: I myſelf am ſcarce allowed to ſtir a ſtep without ſlippers; my wife creeps on tip-toe up and down ſtairs; the maid ſervants are continually ſtumping below in clogs or pattens; and the footman is obliged to ſneak about the houſe bare-footed, as if he came with a ſly deſign to ſteal ſomething.

After what has been ſaid, you will naturally conclude that my wife muſt be no leſs nice in other particulars. But as it is obſerved by Swift, 'that a nice 'man is a man of naſty ideas,' in like manner we may affirm, that your very neat people are the moſt ſlovenly on many occaſions. They cannot conceive that any thing which is done by ſuch delicate perſons can poſſibly give offence: I have, therefore, often been in pain for my wife, when I have ſeen her, before company, duſt the tea-cups with a foul apron or a waſhing gown; and I have more than once bluſhed for her, when, through

through her extreme cleanliness, she has not been contented without breathing into our drinking-glasses, and afterwards wiping them with her pocket handkerchief. People, Mr. Town, who are not very intimate with families, seldom see them (especially the female part) but in disguise: and it will be readily allowed, that a lady wears a very different aspect when she comes before company, than when she first sits down to her toilet. My wife appears decent enough in her apparel to those who visit us in the afternoon; but in the morning she is quite another figure. Her usual dishabille then is, an ordinary stuff jacket and petticoat, a double clout thrown over her head and pinned under her chin, a black greasy bonnet, and a coarse dowlas apron; so that you would rather take her for a chair-woman. Nor, indeed, does she scruple to stoop to the meanest drudgery of such an occupation: for so great is her love of Cleanliness, that I have often seen her on her knees scouring the hearth, and spreading dabs of vinegar and fuller's earth over the boards.

This extraordinary solicitude in my wife for the cleanliness of her rooms, and the care and preservation of her furniture, makes my house entirely useless, and takes away all that ease and familiarity which is the chief comfort of one's own home. I am obliged to make shift with the most ordinary accommodations, that the more handsome pieces of furniture may remain unsoiled, and be always set out for shew and magnificence. I am never allowed to eat from any thing better than a Delft plate, that the œconomy of the beaufait, which is embellished with a variety of China, may not be disarranged: and indeed my wife prides herself particularly on her ingenious contrivance in this article, having ranged among the rest some old China not fit for use, but disposed in such a manner, as to conceal the streaks of white paint that cement the broken pieces together. I must drink my beer out of an earthen mug, though a great quantity of plate is constantly displayed on the side-board; while all the furniture, except when we have company, is done up in paper, as if the family, to whom it belongs, were gone into the country. In a word, Sir, any thing that is decent and cleanly is too good to be used, for fear it should be dirtied; and I live with every convenience at hand, without the power of enjoying one of them. I have elegant apartments, but am almost afraid to enter them; I have plate, china, and the most genteel furniture, but must not use them; which is as ridiculous an absurdity, and almost as great an hardship, as if I had hands without the power of moving them; the organs of sight, smell, taste, without being suffered to exert them; and feet without being permitted to walk.

Thus, Sir, this extravagant passion for Cleanliness, so predominant in my wife, keeps the family in a perpetual state of muck and dirt; and while we are surrounded with all necessaries, subjects us to every inconvenience. But what makes it still a greater grievance is, that it has been the ridiculous cause of many other misfortunes. I have sometimes created her anger by littering the room with throwing my garters on a chair, or hanging my peruque on one of the gilt sconces. Having once unluckily spilt a bottle of ink on one of the best carpets, she was irreconcileable for a month; and I had scarce brought her to temper again, when I most unfortunately ran against the footman, who was entering with the dinner, and threw down a leg of pork and pease pudding on the parlour floor. This superabundant neatness did once also very nearly occasion my death; for while I lay ill of a fever, my delicate wife, thinking it would refresh me, ordered my bed-chamber to be mopped: and the same scrupulous nicety was also the means of our losing a very considerable addition to our fortune.

A rich old uncle, on whom we had great dependance, came up to town last summer on purpose to pay us a visit: but though he had rode above sixty miles that day, he was obliged to stand in the passage till his boots were pulled off, for fear of soiling the Turkey carpet. After supper the old gentleman, as was his constant practice, desired to have his pipe: but this you may be sure could by no means be allowed, as the filthy stench of the tobacco would never be gotten out of the furniture again; and it was with much ado that my wife would even suffer him to go down and smoke in the kitchen. We had no room to lodge him in, except a garret with nothing but bare walls; because the Chints bed-chamber was, indeed, too

nice

nice for a dirty country ſquire. Theſe ſlights very much chagrined my good uncle: but he had not been with us above a day or two, before my wife and he came to an open quarrel on the following occaſion. It happened that he had brought a favourite pointer with him, who at his firſt coming was immediately locked up in the coal-hole: but the dog having found means to eſcape, had crept ſlily up ſtairs, and (beſides other marks of his want of delicacy) had very calmly ſtretched himſelf out upon a crimſon damaſk ſettee. My wife not only ſentenced him to the diſcipline of the whip, but inſiſted upon having the criminal hanged up afterwards; when the maſter interpoſing in his behalf, it produced ſuch high words between them, that my uncle ordered his horſe, and ſwore he would never *darken our doors* again as long as he breathed. He went home, and about two months after died: but as he could not forgive the ill treatment which both he and his dog had met with at our houſe, he had altered his will, which before he had made entirely in our favour.

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

T PETER PLAINALL.

Nº CIV. THURSDAY, JANUARY 22, 1756.

ACTUM EST: SILICET: PERISTI.

TER.

RUIN'D AND UNDONE!

THE uſe of language is the ready communication of our thoughts to one another. As we cannot produce the objects which raiſe ideas in our minds, we uſe words, which are made ſigns of thoſe objects. No man could otherwiſe convey to another the idea of a table or chair, without pointing to thoſe pieces of furniture; as children are taught to remember the names of things by looking at their pictures. Thus, if I wanted to mention King Charles on horſeback, I muſt carry my companion to Charing Croſs; and would I next tell him of the ſtatue of Sir John Barnard, we muſt trudge back again, and he muſt wait for my meaning till we got to the Royal Exchange. We ſhould be like the ſages of Laputa, who (as Gulliver tells us) having ſubſtituted *things* for *words*, uſed to carry about them ſuch *things* as were neceſſary to expreſs the particular buſineſs they were to diſcourſe on. 'I have often beheld,' ſays he, 'two of thoſe ſages almoſt ſinking under the weight of their packs, like 'pedlars among us: who, when they 'met in the ſtreets, would lay down 'their loads, open their ſacks, and hold 'converſation for an hour together; 'then put up their implements, help 'each other to reſume their burthens, 'and take their leave.' In theſe circumſtances a man of the feweſt words could not, indeed, talk without carrying about him a much larger apparatus of converſation than is contained in the bag of the noted Yeates, or any other ſlight-of-hand artiſt: he could not ſpeak of a chicken or an owl, but it muſt be ready in his pocket to be produced. In ſuch a caſe, we could not ſay we heard, but we ſaw the converſation of a friend; as in the epiſtolary correſpondence, carried on by thoſe pretty *hieroglyphic* letters (as they are called) where the picture of a *deer* and a *woman finely dreſt* is made to ſtand for the expreſſion of *dear lady*.

But the invention of words has removed theſe difficulties; and we may talk not only of any thing we have ſeen, but what neither we nor the perſons to whom we ſpeak ever ſaw. Thus we can convey to another the idea of a battle, without being reduced to the diſagreeable neceſſity of learning it from the cannon's mouth: and we can talk of the people in the world of the moon, without being obliged to make uſe of Biſhop Wilkins's artificial wings to fly thither. Words, therefore, in the ordinary courſe of life, are like the paper-money among merchants, invented as a more ready conveyance, by which the largeſt ſum can be tranſmitted to the moſt diſtant place with as much eaſe as a letter; while the ſame in ſpecie would require bags and cheſts, and even carts or ſhips, to tranſport it. But, however great theſe advantages are, the uſe of language has brought along with it

ſeveral inconveniencies, as well as per-money; for as this latter is more ble to miſcarry, more eaſily concealed, rried off, or counterfeited, than bullion, rchants have frequent cauſes to com- ain that the convenience of this ſort of h is not without it's alloy of evil; and find, that in the uſe of language there ſo much room for deceit and miſtake, at though it does not render it uſeleſs, is much to be wiſhed ſome remedy uld be contrived.

Men are ſo apt to uſe the ſame words different ſenſes, and call the ſame ing by different names, that often- mes they cannot underſtand others, or themſelves underſtood. If one calls at thing black which another calls reen, or that prodigality which another lls generoſity, they miſtake each other's eaning, and can never agree till they xplain the words. It is to this we owe much wrangling in diſcourſe, and ſo any volumes of controverſy on almoſt very part of literature. I have known diſpute carried on with great warmth, nd when the diſputants have come to xplain what each meant, it has been iſcovered they were both of a ſide: like he men in the Play, who met and fought irſt, and, after each had been heartily eaten, found themſelves to be friends. What ſhould we ſay, if this practice of alling things by a wrong name was to btain among tradeſmen? If you was o ſend to your haberdaſher for an hat, you might receive a pair of ſtockings; r inſtead of a cordial julep from your apothecary, be furniſhed with a cathar- ic or a clyſter.

It would be needleſs to inſiſt upon the inconveniencies ariſing from the miſuſe or miſapprehenſion of terms in all ver- bal combats; whether they be fought on the ſpot by word of mouth, or (like a game of Cheſs) maintained, even though lands and ſeas interpoſe, by the aſſiſtance of the preſs. In our ordinary conver- ſation, it is notorious, that no leſs con- fuſion has ariſen from the wrong appli- cation or perverſion of the original and moſt natural import of words. I re- member, when I commenced author, I publiſhed a little pamphlet, which I flat- tered myſelf had ſome merit, though I muſt confeſs it did not ſell. Conſcious of my growing fame, I reſolved to ſend the firſt fruits of it to an uncle in the country, that my relations might judge of the great honour I was likely to prove to the family: but how was I mortified, when the good man ſent me word, that he was ſorry to find I had *ruined* myſelf, and had wrote a book; for the parſon of the pariſh had aſſured him that authors were never worth a farthing, and always died in a gaol. Notwithſtanding this remonſtrance, I have ſtill perſiſted in my *Ruin*; which at preſent I cannot ſay is quite compleated, as I can make two meals a day, have yet a coat to my back, with a clean ſhirt for Sundays at leaſt, and am lodged ſomewhat below a garret. However, this prediction of my uncle has often led me to conſider, in how many ſenſes, different from it's general acceptation, the word *Ruined* is frequently made uſe of. When we hear this word applied to another, we ſhould naturally imagine the perſon is reduced to a ſtate worſe than he was in before, and ſo low that it is ſcarce poſſible for him to riſe again: but we ſhall often find, inſtead of his being undone, that he has rather met with ſome extraordinary good fortune; and that thoſe who pronounce him *ruined*, either mean you ſhould under- ſtand it in ſome other light, or elſe call him undone, becauſe he differs from them in his way of life, or becauſe they wiſh him to be in that ſituation. I need not point out the extreme cruelty, as well as injuſtice, in the miſapplication of this term; as it may literally *ruin* a man, by deſtroying his character; ac- cording to the old Engliſh proverb— 'Give a dog an ill name, and hang him.'

Moſt people are, indeed, ſo entirely taken up with their own narrow views, that, like the jaundiced eye, every thing appears to them of the ſame colour. From this ſelfiſh prejudice they are led to make a wrong judgment of the mo- tives and actions of others: and it is no wonder that they ſhould ſee Ruin ſtaring every man in the face, who happens not to think as they do: I ſhall, there- fore, here ſet down a catalogue of ſome of my own acquaintance, whom the charity and good-nature of the world have not ſcrupled to pronounce abſo- lutely *ruined*.

A young clergyman of Cambridge might have had a good college-living in about thirty year's time, or have been at the head of the houſe: but he choſe to quit his fellowſhip for a ſmall cure in town, with a view of recommending himſelf by his preaching - *Ruined*.

A fellow of another college in the ſame univerſity refuſed to quit his books and his retirement, to live as chaplain with a ſmoking, drinking, ſwearing, fox-hunting country ſquire, who would have provided for him - - - - - *Ruined.*

Dr. Claſſic, a young phyſician from Oxford, might have had more practice than Radcliffe or Mead: but having ſtudied Ariſtotle's Poetics, and read the Greek Tragedies, as well as Galen and Hippocrates, he was tempted to write a play, which was univerſally applauded, and the author was - - - *Ruined.*

A Student of the Temple might have made ſure of a Judge's Robes, or the Chancellor's Seals; but being tired of ſauntering in Weſtminſter Hall without even getting half a guinea for a motion, he has accepted of a commiſſion in one of the new-raiſed regiments, and is *Ruined.*

A younger brother of a good family threw himſelf away upon an obſcure widow with a jointure of 500l. *per ann.* by which he is - - - - *Ruined.*

Another, a man of fortune, fell in love with, and married a genteel girl without a farthing; and though ſhe makes him an excellent wife, he is univerſally allowed to have - - *Ruined himſelf.*

Before I conclude, I cannot but take notice of the ſtrange ſenſe, in which a friend of mine once heard this word uſed in company by a girl of the town. The young creature, being all life and ſpirits, engroſſed all the converſation to herſelf; and herſelf indeed was the ſubject of all the converſation: but what moſt ſurprized him, was the manner in which ſhe uſed this word *Ruined*; which occurred frequently in her diſcourſe, though never intended by her to convey the meaning generally affixed to it. It ſerved her ſometimes as an æra to determine the date of every occurrence—She bought ſuch a gown, juſt after ſhe was *ruined*.—The firſt time ſhe ſaw Garrick in Ranger, ſhe was in doubt whether it was before or after ſhe was *ruined*.—Having occaſion to mention a young gentleman, ſhe burſt into raptures—'O he is a dear creature! 'He it was that *ruined* me—O he is a 'dear ſoul!—He carried me to an inn 'ten miles from my father's houſe in 'the country, where he *ruined* me.—If 'he had not *ruined* me, I ſhould have 'been as miſerable and as moping as my 'ſiſters. But the dear ſoul was forced 'to go abroad upon his travels, and I 'was obliged to come upon the town 'three weeks after I was *ruined*—for, 'not ſo much as three weeks after I 'was *ruined*—yes, it was full three 'weeks after I was *ruined*.'

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.